THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 72. PUBLICATION OFFICE, NO. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1893. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE No. 43

MY FIRST LOVE.

BY T. L. P.

Down in the mazes of the past
I oft in fancy rove,
And wonder where her lot is cast,
My boyhood's first fond love;
The little bright-eyed fairy queen,
Who shared my hopes and fears,
And shone the light of every scene
Down in those by-gone years.

Her form on Memory's page I trace,
As in some joyous game,
When every charm and youthful grace
Was mingled with her name;
Her winsome smile, like some bright ray,
Methinks again I see,
And wonder if, by night or day,
She gives a thought to me.

The Helping Hand.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MYSTERY OF WILLARD," "THE WEIRD SISTERS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

DREAM or fact?—dream or fact?—dream or fact?" thought Nellie Morton, as she lay on the bed of her own room after Mrs. Bathurst had left her. Had she heard this young man say he was hopelessly ruined? Had she dreamed that the old woman indicated that she, Ellen Morton, could save him? If she had not dreamed, what could the words and gestures of Mrs. Bathurst mean? Only one thing—only that this monstrous creature should come by whatever money her father had saved. How was that to be done? Only in one way—by this awful, this monstrous man marrying her!

What a horrible, what an intolerable position was hers! Colonel Pickering had bidden her good-bye, and she had no address for him between the leave-taking and Gibraltar. In all the world she did not know a soul on whom she could rely for help or advice. She thought of her old school, but that was in Yorkshire. Most of her acquaintances in Deighton were connected with the regiment, and on the move with the Colonel. She had never gone a journey by herself, and she felt like a lost wanderer in a desert, or the sole human being on an island where beasts of prey lurked in every shelter.

She was alone in Garwood, alone in London, alone in England, alone in Europe! There was no one to whom she could appeal. She was imprisoned within the high walls of these lonely grounds. She was certain it would be worse than useless to ask assistance of any servant in the house. The old woman who had opened the lodge-gate would, she knew, refuse to let her out. Even if she succeeded in gaining the public road, what could she do there? She could not wander about day and night.

She had only a little money in her pocket, and even if she had ten times as much, what could she do with it? She never in all her life had bought food or been across the threshold of an hotel. But what was the use of thinking about liberty? From the grounds of Garwood House she could no more escape than flee to her father in remote Brazil.

Mrs. Bathurst had chilled her, had sent the blood back into her heart, until she felt suffocating, until she awoke to shadowy terrors threatening her in distances and silences and spaces of that oppressive house. In any other house the nooks and corners had been no more full of fears than on terrace or country lane. Here nooks and corners were the hiding-places from which ghosts fled on one's approach. Here the vast spaces over the stairways were the haunts of shrouded mystery and boding echo.

Mrs. Bathurst had chilled her: William Bathurst had made her blood freeze with terror. The hideousness of his appearance stunned her, and at sound of his monstrous voice and sight of his revolting capers, she had swooned. And then to think—if she could trust her numbed senses—this old woman had indicated that this hideous man was to be her suitor! She who had never heard word of love from man was by a vile conspiracy to be forced into the arms of this loathsome creature, in order that his ruined fortunes might be made whole with her father's money! Surely no one in England could to-day contemplate so odious a crime! She would die, ay, die a thousand deaths of agony before yielding to so hateful a fate.

Could it be that she gathered the real import of what had gone on while she sat half conscious?

There was no room for doubt. Had not the old woman begun with a reception chillier than December? Had she not told her this William Bathurst would never marry? And then, after learning that her son had lost his money, had she not spoken in terms of affection, nay, of endearment, to the girl, whose presence seemed a burden and an injury an hour before? What more confirmation was needed?

She was the centre of a vile plot, encompassed by inviolate walls, alone, helpless, friendless! Oh, would not merciful death come to deliver her!

Inviolate wall? The grounds were not closed in on all sides by walls—at the foot of the grounds flowed the river!

Nellie rose from the bed. She was deadly pale. She caught up the hat worn that day in the grounds, and stole out of the room, out of the house, and, following the dip of the land, took her way towards the Thames.

When William Bathurst had left the house at the bidding of his mother, the old woman rang the bell and ordered the luncheon things to be taken away. She then crossed the great hall into the large gloomy drawing-room. At ordinary times, months went by without a visit from either herself or her son to this great chamber. The blinds were always kept down, and in spite of the blazing unclouded June sun, only a dim twilight filled the place.

She drew up the blinds. That was her first act towards changing the aspect of the house, as an indication that all within had changed. Up to this day she had her mind made up her son would never marry. This day she made up her mind William should take a wife. She raised the blinds as the first act of preparing the house for her son's marriage.

She had been the inspirer of her husband's speculations in the City, and he left all he died worth to her. This was not the house where her husband died. He bought it a short time before his death, but had never lived in it. The widow let it until her son began to be troubled with those alarming hysterical seizures; then, it being quiet, retired, surrounded by high walls and large ground, out of the way, and well qualified to keep a secret, she went to live in it herself, taking her son with her.

When mother and son moved into Garwood House, the place was furnished for ordinary family use. Mrs. Bathurst had not then decided William should never marry. But as years went on, the air of retirement deepened around the house, the isolation of its inmates became more strict, until from year's end to year's end no stranger entered its gates.

The raising of the drawing-room window blinds to-day was to let in the dawn of a new era. William had lost all his money, and all her money as well, in those villainous South American speculations. But the very same day that news of the disaster reached London, this girl, Ellen Morton, strayed under their roof with a fortune large enough to save William.

Nay, more, the finger of fate pointed indubitably to the match; for, out of the South America which had engulfed William's money, the money of this girl had been rendered into their hands, and the very day which brought ruin to the City from the south brought news from the south of the death of the girl's father, and the departure of the girl's only friends from England, thus leaving this Ellen Morton with her fortune completely in their power.

The old woman knew her son's affairs save those connected with the speculations she had discountenanced.

"Once you go south of the equator I abandon you," she had said to him long ago when he first broke loose from her counsel. "You are not to mention to me any of your affairs in that region of thieves and revolutions. All I will ever hear of South America is that Morton's money comes safely out of it, and does not go back there to be lost."

She knew that by this time the amount of Christopher Morton's investments must be thirty or forty thousand pounds. This was not a large fortune, but it ought to be enough to give her son time to recover himself; and she was quite sure William would never again disregard her advice, and that, with the aid of this girl's fortune and her advice, her son would once more be able to hold up his head as a member of the Stock Exchange.

She knew that in the will lodged with Christopher Morton's lawyer the dead engineer had left all his money to his daughter, and appointed her son and Colonel Pickering guardians and trustees. The father now was dead: and the other guardian and trustee would be out of England before morning, and would not be back again until this girl was of age—until she was married.

Mrs. Bathurst rang the drawing-room bell, which had not sounded for no one knew how long.

"Let this room be thoroughly done out to-morrow," she said to the servant; "and for the future, when the sun is off this side of the house, let the blinds be pulled up."

While Mrs. Bathurst was taking a first step in arrangements for her son's future, that son was hastening back to London to stop disaster in the present. Having once made up his mind to Christopher Morton's money for his extrication, there was no difficulty in the way, though there was possible danger of the direst kind.

Christopher Morton being dead, and Colonel Pickering as good as out of the country, it was necessary only to produce the signature of the dead man on a certain document, so as to enable William Bathurst to raise money that very evening. There was no need to tell any one in the City that Christopher Morton was dead. In fact, it would cause fatal delay if the news in the telegram from Brazil got abroad. The message had been forwarded from his office unopened, so he was safe from premature disclosure.

Bathurst had no moral scruple about creating the document he required. It was dangerous work: dangerous work this fabricating of signatures, even of a dead man; and dangerous this concealing of the dead man's death, and dealing with his property as though the signature were genuine and the supposed signatory alive. Bathurst did not in his mind use the word fraud or felony, but he was not blind to the gravity of the act he contemplated.

Morton was dead, the girl was under his roof, the other trustee on his way to India; months of undisturbed possession of the money could be counted on—even if the girl did not become his wife—and in months all could be put right. Even the girl did not know of her father's death, and was not to know of it until there had been time for a letter to come from Brazil.

Truly, as his mother had said, fate had played into his hands? If he had been allowed to design the situation, nothing could have been better ordered. Luck! Yes; he believed in luck. He had always been lucky until he touched South America, and the very moment South America proved a ravenous quicksand under his feet, from that self same South America a hand of succor was stretched forth to him!

A hand of succor stretched forth to him?—or was he stretching forth his hand to rifle the tomb of a friend? Bah! Such thoughts were childish, and could not be of use to a keen man in the City this day of hideous disaster!

He had told his clerks in Langley Court, Fenchurch Street, that he was going to Garwood. He had not said anything about coming back. They did not know whether they should see him again that day or not. When he walked in at five o'clock they were not surprised. That day no one was surprised by anything done in the City.

William Bathurst went straight into his private office and locked the door. In a quarter of an hour he emerged, pale and anxious, and hurried out. That day the banks shut their doors at four as usual, but private offices forgot custom and were open long after closing-time.

In less than half an hour, Bathurst was back, had saved his house, had borrowed money on a signature which was not genuine, and on the faith that Christopher Morton was alive.

Once more he turned his face towards home. In the hurry and excitement of his operations in the City the necessity for doing speedily what he was about prevented thinking. In the cab which took him to the train and in the train that carried him away from town he had plenty of time for reflection.

"Saved!" he thought, as he jumped into the cab. "Saved!" he thought again as he flung himself into the cushioned corner of the railway carriage. Saved from imminent and complete ruin! How easy it had been! What a trifling effort it cost him to place a secure barrier between his house and destruction!

To-morrow, the names of all the houses sucked down in the whirlpool would be known in the City, would be known throughout all the commercial world; and but for the thing he had just done, the house of William Bathurst would be in that black list!

Favored by circumstances, and aided by his mother's advice and his own bold vigorous action, he had been able to save himself from bankruptcy—from being posted as a defaulter—he, posted! who had for years held his head so high, and been regarded as a rock of good sense, as a slow-going, money-making speculator! He had kept his dealing in South America to himself. No one need know that he had burnt his fingers, to say nothing of escaping annihilation in the fire.

True, he had been obliged to run risks; but were the risks worth taking into count? Supposing the worst, were the

risks very great? No. For, even if Colonel Pickering were not going abroad, he would be friendly and allow his fellow-trustee to do pretty much as he liked; for the Colonel, no doubt, knew that the dead man had placed unlimited faith in William Bathurst.

When his mother suggested his using this money, she did not take into count the risk he would run. No doubt she had no suspicions there was any risk beyond that of using another man's money without his authority or knowledge. In the hurry and confusion, her notion most likely was that he could get Morton's money as readily as the money standing to his own credit in his own bank. There would be no need to undeceive her. Or, indeed, it might be that she knew exactly what he had been obliged to do.

What! She, his mother, knew that he was at that moment a felon! Monstrous! His mother know he was a felon! His mother approve—approve—nay, suggest that he should commit a crime!—commit two crimes! Intolerably monstrous!

Masculine as her mind was, still first of all she was his mother, and no man ever yet could believe that his own mother would urge him to crime! Ugh! he would think no more of this ghastly side of the affair. He would dwell altogether on the fact that he had been threatened with destruction and had saved himself.

He reached the door of Garwood in profound cogitation. He had resolved to take his attention away from unpleasant aspects of the affair, and yet no sooner did he for a moment forget this resolution, than, like a spring at the release, his mind flew back to the question: Did his mother know what following her advice involved, a crime on his part?

"Where is Mrs. Bathurst?" he asked of the servant who opened the door.

"In the drawing-room, sir."

"In the drawing-room!" cried he, waking out of his reverie. "Did you say in the drawing-room?" he asked in astonished incredulity. During all their years in this house she had never awaited him in the drawing-room before.

"Yes, sir; the mistress ordered dinner to be put back, and said that when you came you were to be good enough to go to the drawing-room, where she is alone."

He hastened across the hall, and entered the room which he had not seen for—months—years. His mother was sitting in the arm of an old-fashioned sofa at one of the windows. She motioned him to shut the door and come near her.

"You are surprised to find me here. I have drawn up the blinds in honor of Miss Morton—in honor of your future wife. Sit down here." She pointed to the other end of the sofa. "How did you get on in the City? Did you arrange everything satisfactorily?"

"Yes. There was no hitch." He sat down at the other end of the sofa.

"I am glad of that. I am greatly pleased you acted so promptly. You have taken all means to ensure safety?"

"Oh, yes, all the means."

"And there is no going back upon what you have done? Even suppose you thought of changing your mind now, you could not go back?"

"No. I have drawn Morton's money, and the proceeds have been paid away against my undischarged liabilities of to-day."

What could she mean by asking could he go back? It seemed clear from this that his most horrible suspicion was true. It was now plain she must know he could not have extricated himself without crime. This was terrible.

"I am glad to hear you cannot go back, that you are now obliged to go on towards prosperity once more. Something has occurred since which made me for a moment fear you might be able to go back upon what we this morning resolved to do."

"And you think if I could I would? What is it that has happened?"

The cold sweat broke out on his forehead. That morning he had been distracted, driven frantic, made half mad by the things that had occurred in the City. Never in his life had he felt fear until now. He felt cold with fear, clammy with fear, sick with fear.

"An unexpected event has occurred here since you left."

"What is it?" He was not sure that his voice uttered the question.

"Colonel Pickering came back."

"Why?"

"He found a telegram for him announcing Morton's death, when he got to town. We never thought of that. We never thought Morton would have said that Colonel Pickering, also, must be telegraphed to if he died."

"No; we never thought of that. Telegrams from Brazil are so dear, I fancied one would be enough."

"Yes; we never could have been prepared for this. Does it make much difference?"

"Perhaps. I do not know; I cannot say yet. What has taken place here?" He groaned and wiped the cold sweat from his forehead.

"He came, not thinking we had word of Morton's death. I did not tell him we had a telegram"——

"Thank Heaven for that!"

"He said he got the cable, and ran out to break the news to Miss Morton. I sent a servant for her. She was not in her room. The servant supposed she had gone into the grounds, as her hat had disappeared. Colonel Pickering said he would go out to look for her." She pointed to the window. "He had only just left me when you knocked. Does it make much difference?"

"I thought this man was leaving London to-day?"

"He says if he can get away by a train near eleven to-night he can catch the ship. I asked you, does it make much difference, and you have not answered me. I ask you, Does it make much difference?"

"It may." Again he groaned and wiped his forehead.

The piercing dark, inscrutable eyes of the woman were fixed inexorably on his face.

"Much?" she asked. "Very much?"

"It may."

He loosened his collar at the neck and stared. His face was ghastly, his jaw dropped.

For a minute silence was unbroken; each sat regarding the other. In that brief interval he knew that she must know all. In that brief interval he knew more than associating with her a lifetime had taught him. In that brief interval the heart of each was revealed to the other more plainly than ever words could tell. In that brief interval he knew she valued as dross the wealth he had believed she worshipped for itself; and that for her heart, he, and he alone, the ugly duckling, the Crocodile, was the only gold she saw or worshipped. In that brief interval he knew she had devoted all her life to him, because she had come to the conclusion no other woman would ever love him. In that brief interval he fathomed her plan of concentrating all his mind on getting money in order that he might have a pursuit which would not stale with time—a pursuit that would grow in interest and become ardent and absorbing with time—a pursuit which successfully followed would make him powerful and respected in spite of his grotesque figure and his odious face. In that brief interval the son saw through the mystic robe of the sibyl deep in the bosom of the woman, the heart of the mother blazing with the intolerable glory of its unselfish love.

Blinded and awed, like Moses by the fiery bush, he was mute.

"If it is too much," she said, "you will try to remember I am a mother, and all I did I did for love, and it is hard for a mother to help loving too much."

He held out his hand to her, but could not speak.

She caught his hand, and sinking upon her knees, raised it to her lips in a transport of gratitude, crying to herself: "He will forgive me! He forgives me even now!"

At that moment Bathurst saw a man running towards the house with something in his hand. He raised his mother hastily and flung open the door into the grounds.

The man shouted: "I cannot find Miss Morton. She is not in the grounds. I found this, her hat, on the bank. The hat is torn, and there are signs that some one has fallen into the river."

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Nellie Morton left her room and wandered into the grounds for the second time that day, she was in a state of high and extremely unpleasant excitement. The thought of the river cooled and soothed her. Except on that side, the grounds of Garwood House were closed in, shut off from the free air of heaven by tall, stifling brick walls. On the Thames' side the grounds were open to the sweet broad flowing air of summer.

A girl could not escape over those high brick walls, old and sodden, and smelling dank in the sun. But one could escape by the river. Yes, one might be taken off by a passing boat. One might wander for months close to those greasy walls without seeing a living soul—such a thing as a meeting with young Chaytor that day might not occur again in a lifetime—but on the river, people would often be in view, passing by now and then.

Even supposing no boat came to take one away, still there was a Doorway of Escape on the riverside. It was the Doorway through which only the desperate went; but one did not know when one might become desperate.

Here was the river, and how much cooler to walk up and down by the stream than to breathe the choking atmosphere indoors. No boats were in sight just now, but no need for any existed at present. If desperate need of escape arose while no boats were at hand, there lay the Door for the desperate—the Water. That doorway could never be closed up. As long as Garwood House stood, it would remain free and open.

While she paced up and down, the violence of her perturbation subsided. She was able to survey more calmly the events of the last few hours. She no longer doubted that the scene after luncheon had occurred as it appeared to her. The dwarf, William Bathurst, had bounded into the room shouting with frenzied laughter, had told his mother he was bankrupt, had been seized by a fit; and on recovering, Mrs. Bathurst had indicated to him that his only means of deliverance from ruin was by a marriage with herself, and so getting the money her father had laid by. If it ever came about that she was forced to select between the fate foredoomed for her by the old woman and the river, she would not hesitate a moment.

What should she do? Could she do anything? Of course, she could not be forced into a marriage with that fearful man. Those who thought she, Ellen Morton, could be bullied or cajoled into doing anything against her will, did not know anything at all of her, Ellen Morton. But her uncle and aunt were gone out of England; her father was not coming home until the autumn; and between this time and autumn, matters would be very disagreeable for her if she continued a guest at Garwood House. And if she did not continue a guest there, whither should she go?

Here, against the wall, under this tree, stood a dilapidated rustic seat. She would sit and look deliberately at the case—the very hard and trying case in which she found herself.

At her back rose the end of the wall over which young Chaytor had climbed; on her left, just at the end of the seat, ran the river, silent, and deep and dark in the shadow of beeches and willows; on her right lay a tangled wildness neglected undergrowth; in front of her stretched the dusty dry pathway, from which all verdure had been burned by a hot and droughty month.

Here, in the shade, the air was cooler and fresher than even on the unsheltered pathway by the river. She took off her hat, to let the breeze touch more freely her forehead and neck and hair. Her mind, instead of taking up the consideration of the future, ran back upon the past. She thought of the happy time spent with the bluff, kind hearted, simple-minded Colonel and his affectionate, soft mannered wife. She reviewed the peaceful days with them, and the modest gaieties of Deighton, where she had emerged from school into life and the world.

What an overwhelming contrast between that stirring garrison town and the lethargic stagnation of this Garwood House! And to think that only a week ago—nay, but yesterday—she had been there with her sweet minded aunt and bluff uncle; and here she was to-day mewed inside these repellent walls, with this chilling mysterious woman, and this man, more fearful and odious than any human being she had seen, than any nightmare which had ever made the silent chambers of darkness hideous!

She shuddered at the thought of the man. Then she started and looked round uneasily. Had that shudder shaken the leaves of the tree overhead? Impossible. Yet the leaves of the tree, or some other leaves near, had rustled more than the faint breeze would warrant. It was more than a rustle—it was a sound of rustling to which was added a sound of pushing among twigs. She looked round again. With a start, she sprang to her feet, pale, gasping, trembling.

Some living thing was moving in the bracken on the right. It could not be a large animal, for nothing appeared above the ferns. It was pushing towards the river—towards her!—towards where she stood, shaking in every limb! Then all of a sudden a hideous lizard, huge, flat-backed, long-tailed, stole furtively into view and looking cunningly round out of one small evil eye, wagged his prodigious head and waddled slowly towards the girl.

On the wild impulse of escape from the loathsome reptile, she sprang backward, stumbled over the bank, and, with a scream, fell into the deep slow-flowing water of the river.

The lizard waddled forward, snapped up the fallen hat of the girl, dropped it, and tumbled himself into the stream.

At the same instant the form of a young man clad in flannels plunged into the river from the opposite side of the division wall against which the girl had been sitting. He rose and struck back through the sluggish water to the bank with the head of the girl resting on his shoulder. This time she was in no half-conscious state; this time every trace of consciousness had left her. The young man gained the slip in his own grounds, and slowly and carefully carried her up the bank. Here he shifted his burden, to make it more convenient.

He did not call out for help. He never felt less need of help in all his life. He never before felt so proud of his broad shoulders as when he rested her head on one of them. He never felt so proud of his strength as when he shook his head, and stepped forward towards the house, disdaining to own to himself that he bore any burden at all. He could walk thus to the end of the world, the burden helping, not hindering.

When he arrived at the door his part was done, and he called for assistance. Mary, Kate and Lilian were instantly in attendance on the inanimate girl; and presently his widowed mother appeared, a stately and gracious lady of middle age. To them George briefly explained what had occurred. The girl was carried upstairs; and when she was safe in a room, with all four women busy around her, George stole out into the grounds for a walk and a smoke, to quiet him, and for solitude, in which to build a romance all to himself around his beautiful neighbor and his two adventures with her that day—the very first day of her sojourn at Garwood House. It was plain to George that these two adventures could not be mere accident. Fate must mean something by them. What did fate mean? Well, let time tell, and for the present let him dwell in memory on the girl's enchanting beauty.

He had been close to the wall on their side when he heard her scream and saw her fall into the river. He had caught a glimpse of her face as she fell, and he was certain she had fainted before she touched the water. What a lucky fellow he was to have been on the spot! What a lucky fellow he was to have her head lying on his shoulder as he carried her up to the house! He must go back to the house now, to see how she was getting on, and he must then run round to Garwood to tell them she was safe.

Miss Morton had recovered consciousness and was doing well. Mary, his eldest sister, gave him the news; and he said he should call at Garwood to tell them of the accident, and that the girl was safe.

"It was the sight of your wretched Jacko that made the poor girl stumble into the river," said Mary indignantly. "I always knew that creature would do some dreadful mischief."

"Ah," said George, "I thought I heard a second splash. He didn't hurt her?"

"No; but we cannot thank you for that. I am delighted the abominable reptile is drowned."

"Some kinds of crocodiles take a lot of drowning. I'm off to see the one next door. All the water in the ocean wouldn't drown him, if the hangman is to have his due."

Young Chaytor reached Garwood House just as the Colonel, impetuous with apprehension, entered the drawing-room holding Nellie's hat in his hand.

Young Chaytor said to the servant, which he met at the back door, a few yards from the window-door through which Colonel Pickering had just passed into the drawing-room: "I want to see Mrs. Bathurst at once, please, about Miss Morton."

They had no callers at Garwood House; and the servant was quite unprepared for the apparition of a young man in dripping flannels boldly demanding to see the lady of the house. She was a little thrown off her balance by the unexpected demand of this young man. As, however, he was a next-door neighbor—seemed to have something important to say—and mentioned Miss Morton's name, she thought she might safely take in his message, in spite of general orders against communications being brought into that house from the

outside world. She had no notion there was any reason to be uneasy about Nellie, for she had not heard the Colonel's words at the drawing-room door. Upon reaching the drawing room, she spoke her message so that Mrs. Bathurst, William Bathurst, and the Colonel could hear.

"A gentleman about Miss Morton!" cried the Colonel. "Show him in at once." In his excitement, he forgot he was not the person to whom the message was addressed or the one to give orders in that house. The servant retired.

Mrs. Bathurst was seated on the couch. She had not recovered from the emotions which had just stormed through her nature and broken out into a wild, abject revelation of her blind love for her unhandsome son. She could not trust herself to speak. She had not strength enough to move. She leant against the back of the sofa. Her eyes were half closed and lack-lustre, as if she oxed. She had a terrible feeling that she was losing correct appreciation of her surroundings.

William Bathurst had taken a chair close to the sofa, and sat with head dropped on breast and mouth open, breathing heavily, like one who has climbed a steep quickly.

The Colonel, who had taken a few quick paces up and down the room, turned round and faced the door, holding the girl's hat still in his hand as young Chaytor entered.

"I am Miss Morton's uncle," said the Colonel, without giving time for any one else to speak. "Where is she, and what has happened to her?" He held out the torn hat, to give emphasis and point to the question.

"Miss Morton fell into the river accidentally. She was got out, and is now in our place next door quite safe. I assure you she is perfectly unhurt. Of course she got wet."

"And you, sir, are wet too. Perhaps I ought to have begun by thanking you for her safety?" said the Colonel, advancing to the young man and holding out his hand.

Chaytor took the outstretched hand and bowed in admission and acknowledgment. "I happened to be near the bank on our side of the wall when the accident happened"——

"And you jumped in and saved her? I wish her aunt were here to thank you."

"Miss Morton is at our place, the Osiers, next door. Perhaps you, sir, would like to see her?" he said, laying a light but significant emphasis on the you.

"Pray, lead on, sir; and take my word for it, that you never did a better day's work in your life than when you pulled our Nellie out of the river, and you may count on my gratitude in great or small things while I live. I beg your pardon," said he, suddenly turning, becoming mindful of the presence of the mother and son. "I am afraid you must fancy me very rude. But I could only think of our dear girl. I will come back to you when I have seen her." And following young Chaytor, he went out of the room, the two leaving the house by the front door.

As Chaytor and the Colonel went round to the Osiers, the elder man said: "Nothing could be much more unfortunate than the business on which I came out here. I have been quartered in Deighton. My regiment is on its way to India. I am due at Portsmouth to-night at the very latest, or rather first thing to-morrow morning. I bade good-bye to my niece at Bathurst's to-day, went to my club, and found a telegram from Brazil, forwarded from Deighton, saying the girl's father is dead. They didn't know anything about it, the death, at Garwood until I told them—that is, until I told Mrs. Bathurst—her son was not at home when I arrived. I am one of the executors and trustees. Her father intended coming back for good in the autumn. It is very sad, awfully sad, for the poor child. I do wish I wasn't going away just now, and such a distance too! It really is most unfortunate that I should be. I suppose I could obtain permission to join at Suez; or, under the distressing circumstances, I might get leave if I applied for it. But of course I shouldn't like to apply just now, with the regiment on the way, and after being so long at home too. But surely these are urgent private affairs, if ever there were urgent private affairs. I never saw Mrs. Bathurst until to-day, and never saw Mr. Bathurst until just now. What an extraordinary looking pair they are! Do you know them very well?"

"I do not know them at all. I never was in Garwood House till to-day, or spoke to either of them until this afternoon. Indeed, I never spoke to them at all. You saw our only meeting."

"And your family are not friendly with them?"

"No one in our house ever spoke to either mother or son."

"I wasn't favorably impressed with Mrs. Bathurst; and the son is positively revolting. I do not care much about leaving our girl in that woman's charge. Had I seen them, I would never have consented to the arrangement. You see, my niece was to stay with them only a short time, only until her father came home, and now the poor fellow is gone. I don't like leaving our girl in that house."

"I'd rather leave her in her grave."

"Would you? By George, that's strong. But I think you're right. No; I will not leave her with them. They would be the death of her."

"Or they would drive her mad," said young Chaytor; and then he told Colonel Pickering all about the son's nickname, his strange paroxysms of midnight laughter, and the chill mystery and seclusion in which that house lay.

"I am very glad to hear all this from you," said the Colonel as they entered the door of the Osiers; "and you are quite right in saying it would be better to leave the girl in her grave than in Garwood."

George introduced the Colonel to his mother, who led him to the room where Nellie lay. On the way up-stairs he resolved to say nothing about the death of Christopher Morton just now.

When Nellie saw him she uttered a cry of relief and joy, and stretched out her hands to him, crying, as they were left alone. "Oh, uncle, uncle, this is too good to be true! Now I feel safe once more. You will not leave me! You will not ask me to go back to that awful house—to those awful people! I do not care what becomes of me, so that you do not ask me to go back there. I would rather go into the river. I did think of doing that, but I fell in by accident. You will not, dear uncle, let me go back again!"

"Never! Not for the crown jewels of England, my dearest child, would I let you enter that place again. I'll telegraph for your aunt to come back to town from Portsmouth, and I'll apply for leave on urgent private affairs."

"But you don't know all. It would be unreasonable of me to object so much for mere whim or disliking; but that monster is a villain, a thief, I think. Oh, my dear uncle, you do not know what dreadful people they are."

The girl sat up in the bed, pale and trembling, and recounted the scene in the dining-room.

As Colonel Pickering listened to the girl's story of that afternoon, he first grew crimson with rage, then pale with resentment, and when she finished, he walked dumbly up and down the room. At last he spoke in collected and firm tones—

"This is the most atrocious conspiracy that ever came close to me in all my life; and if there is justice to be got in England I'll have it against that infamous pair."

"Oh, uncle, don't do anything against them, but keep me away from them! Do not let them come near me. I never was afraid in all my life before; but now I am terrified."

"I must leave you in Mrs. Chaytor's charge, while I run back to town to see what can be done and how I am to manage all. Do not be in the least uneasy, my dear child. You will be as safe here as you would be in the Tower."

This was not the time to tell the poor girl of her father's death. She was at once too excited and too prostrated for more news of a distressing character. She had been looking forward to her father's return with great happiness.

Of late years she had seen so little of him that his person could be to her little more than a vague memory. But the desolation of her present state of mind would be injuriously increased if she heard just now that she must relinquish all hope of ever seeing that shadowy, far-away father again. Nellie in her distress had not asked him why he had come back after leave-taking. No doubt she thought accident or some trivial matter had brought him. When he was gone to town there would be talk at the Osiers of his visit. That would be the time to tell her of her loss.

Before setting out for town he confided to Mrs. Chaytor the object of his second visit that day, and asked the widow to hide her opportunity for telling the sad news to Nellie.

"Just think," said the Colonel to himself as he found himself in the train for London, "of the villainy of those people in Garwood planning the robbery and marriage of the dearest girl in the world over her father's open grave! Hanging would be too good for the hideous monster and the old witch."

When he reached London, it was too late that day to make sure of the leave; but from what he was told, he felt there would be no doubt about his getting it to-morrow before the ship sailed, as the case was a most peculiar and important one, the circumstances admitting of no delay. So off he went to Portsmouth that night, having telegraphed Nellie that he hoped to be back at the Osiers next day.

And the next day he was back with two months' leave. One of the first things he did was to go to his own solicitor and tell him all he knew; whereupon that solicitor wrote a brief note to William Bathurst, Esq., of Garwood House. From that day to this Colonel Pickering's solicitor has never got a reply to the note; and he says, when talking of the affair, that no doubt, in the hurry of Mr. Bathurst's sudden journey from England to Mexico with his mother, he quite forgot to reply. But as Bathurst had borrowed the money that fatal Monday on forged signatures, Nellie did not lose the fortune laid by for her.

As the time approached for the Colonel's departure for India, the question once more presented itself as to how he was to provide for the charge of his niece during his absence. But this was settled one day promptly by George telling the Colonel that, there being no objection from him as her guardian, Nellie had promised to be his wife.

The Colonel told the young man that, having with his helping hand saved the girl's life directly and her fortune indirectly, no one else could have so good a claim on her; and as he, George, was a decent fellow, and there appeared to be nothing unsuitable in the match, he didn't know why Nellie's aunt should not see her niece married before leaving home.

So the young people were married the day the Colonel and his wife sailed, that there might be only one parting. And the two women wept as only women can when there is at once a wedding and a long separation at hand; and the two men shook hands distressingly often to keep themselves from—well, to keep themselves employed.

"I never thought," said the Colonel, by way of good-bye and benison, "that there could be such a happy ending to my leave when I applied for it that Monday on urgent private affairs."

[THE END.]

A CURIOUS MATRIMONIAL SOCIETY.—We have heard of matrimonial agencies that profess to bring about happy unions, attended by the material comforts which are the fruits of wealth; but we had never foreseen that a society would be founded to encourage—or rather enforce—uneven marriages between poor women and rich men. Yet a well-known Austrian paper states that a society has been created for the express purpose. It was started by three gentlemen, and none can join it unless wealthy. Each member binds himself to marry a poor girl who has no prospect of inheriting any property whatever. Should he, however, fail to resist the charms of one who is gifted with wealth, he is bound to pay a forfeit of four hundred pounds to the society. On this condition only is he released from his bond, and his sins forgiven on account of the happiness which the money thus obtained will confer on others; for the society undertakes to discover poor but worthy couple and start them in life with the fine paid by the faithless member.

HOW OUR VOICES SOUND.—People never hear their own voices as others hear them. Voices are conveyed to the auditory canal, not only through the outside air, but more directly from the inside, through the Eustachian tube as well as through the muscles and bones of the mouth and head. The singer not only hears his own voice from a different quarter, as we may say, but he hears besides the contraction of his own muscles. The fact is well illustrated by the phonograph. A listener can recognize other people's voices, but if he speaks into the phonograph, and afterwards reproduces his own voice, it does not sound at all like itself to him. A free pardon, after this explanation, may be more readily accorded to certain persons in every one's circle of acquaintances who insist upon singing whenever they get an opportunity. They know not what they do.

COMMONPLACE consolations are harsh for delicate sorrows.

Bric-a-Brac.

DIAMONDS.—The six largest diamonds in the world are the "Rajah of Borneo," weighing 367 karats; the "Russian Czar," 193 karats; the "Austrian Kaiser," 139 karats; the "Regent of France," 136 karats; the "Star of Brazil," 125 karats, and the "Kohinoor," 103 karats.

THE "BIRD OF DEATH."—But one specimen of venomous bird is known to the student of ornithological oddities—the "Bird of Death," a feathered paradox of New Guinea. Persons bitten by the creature are seized by maddening pains, which rapidly extend to every part of the body. Loss of sight, convulsions and lockjaw are symptoms which follow in rapid succession.

THE DRUNKEN SERMON.—In a town in England there is preached every year what is known as a "drunken sermon." It is a temperance sermon. It was instituted many years ago by an old, eccentric man, who bequeathed to the town a public house on condition that forty shillings be deducted from the annual rent and given to a minister, who should preach a sermon against the evils of intemperance.

ST. PATRICK.—Almost as many countries arrogate the honor of having been the natal soil of St. Patrick as made a similar claim with respect to Homer. Ireland, Scotland, France and Wales each furnishes its pretensions; but whatever doubts may obscure his birth place, all agree in stating that, as his name implies, he was of a patrician family. He was born about 372, although the exact year of his birth is unknown.

SYLVESTER NIGHT.—Sylvester Night, as the night preceding New Year's Day is called in Germany, is an occasion for family gatherings and rejoicings. The evening hours before the clock strikes midnight are devoted to a musical family entertainment, which is followed by the brewing of the New Year's punch, while the cakes are placed on the table. With the first stroke of the midnight hour glasses are clashed together and good wishes for the coming year exchanged.

THE TINTO.—There is in Spain a river called Tinto, which has very extraordinary qualities; its waters, which are as yellow as a topaz, harden the sand and petrify it in a most surprising manner. If a stone falls into the river and rests upon another they both become perfectly united and conglutinated in a year. It withers all the plants on its banks, as well as the roots of trees, which it dyes of the same hue as its waters. No fish live in its stream.

SUPERSTITION.—In the church of an agricultural parish, within twenty miles of London, there stood, the other Sunday, at the dismissal of the congregation, a poor woman holding a plate. The object was to obtain thirty pence from as many unmarried men, to be exchanged for half-a-crown, also by an unmarried man: the half-a-crown thus obtained to be carried to a silversmith, and made into a ring, to be worn on one of her fingers, for the cure of epileptic fits, to which she had been long subject. This piece of incredible foolery was gone through with the knowledge and sanction of the clergyman!

NEEDLES AND THEIR ORIGIN.—Originally, all the needles used in Europe must have come from the East; and it seems passing strange that no record has been kept of the time at which these useful little instruments were first manufactured there, but it must have been at a very early period. They were made in Nuremberg in great quantities in the fourteenth century. Their manufacture was introduced into England under Queen Elizabeth, and flourished to such an extent that the workmen soon constituted a guild, for we read that in 1567 the "Pinners and Needlers" petitioned the queen not to allow foreign pins and needles to be imported.

NOISELESS SLIPPERS.—It is a good plan to have a pair of noiseless slippers on hand in cases of nursing. Warm, serviceable ones may be made by ripping the soles from an old pair of leather ones; knock off the heels and cover both sides with thick woolen cloth, overseaming on the edges. Good material for this as well as the uppers may be found in old coats or trousers. Cut the uppers by the old slippers and line with red flannel. Sew and press the seams in the cloth, then in the lining. Fit together and bind around the top. Slip the heel stiffening, saved from the old slippers, between lining and outside and baste in place. Then sew upper and sole together, holding both wrong sides out, then turn.

ALONE.

BY T. PERDICOM.

I wander through the crowded ways,
A stranger in the busy town,
And watch the throngs that grow apace,
The people surging up and down—
I only, it would seem, alone—
Unnoticed and unknown!

I mark the greetings, grave or gay—
The friendly hands that meet and clasp
But home and friends are far away;
There are no hands for mine to grasp—
No eyes that care to turn their gaze
On this wan weary face.

Ah, happy souls, that laugh and meet,
One lonely heart you cannot see;
A desert is your crowded street,
A place of gloom and tears to me.
But pass—I would not mar your mirth
For what regrets are worth!

THE HAPPY END.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

THE sound of carriage-wheels made Deletia look over the parapet of the terrace to see who was driving with a crash and a rattle into the paved courtyard below. A carriage, piled high with dress hampers, was just drawing up at the arched entrance; and a lady in a perfectly-fitting tailor-made gown was in the act of alighting, helped out by two men, whose faces Deletia could not see. Behind, another carriage, holding the maid and another mountainous pile of boxes, portmanteaus, and Gladstone bags, was just driving in; and not a doubt remained in Deletia's mind that Miss Rackstraw's arrival had promptly followed her letter.

She had no particular desire to be present at a family meeting, so she lost no time in entering the window of her own bedroom, which opened, like all their suite, on to the little terrace; and, once there, she began to perform her delayed morning toilette in somewhat leisurely fashion.

She had exchanged her loose morning frock for a little pink cotton dressing-jacket and was standing before her dressing-glass just coiling the masses of soft hair on the top of her head, when there was a quick tap at her door, and, before she could utter the usual "Si," it was throw open, and the young lady in the well-built tailor gown stood before her.

"Good morning!" said a brisk practical voice, as Deletia turned in surprise, brush in hand. "My aunt told me you'd be here, and, as no room is ready for me yet, I've come to see if you can take me in. I'm like a sweep after being in the train all night, and I really must wash my face before I have my breakfast. Miss Ormesby, isn't it? I saw you at Gladys Hilton's wedding. You were bridesmaid, weren't you?"

While speaking, she had thrown off her cloth hat and veil upon the bed and revealed a bold and somewhat dashing order of dark beauty, which she proceeded to examine in the mirror with the greatest frankness.

"Not so bad as I expected after such a night," she remarked, as she finished. "Traveling is just about the most wearisome thing in life! May I have a hair-brush? My maid will be an hour unpacking my things."

Deletia yielded her place at the glass, still somewhat taken aback.

"And so you've come to live with my aunt," went on Miss Rackstraw, lifting the somewhat flattened rings of hair over her forehead with Deletia's own particular comb. "I wish you joy of the insects! She's a person I can't put up with for long together. I don't think I could have undertaken to stay with her for a fortnight if it were not that she means to leave me her money, and I'm obliged to be civil to her to a certain extent. Of course, I don't actually need it, but most of my father's property goes to my brothers, and aunt Janet's hoard will be useful."

She paused to settle the silver bangles at her wrists; and Deletia, overwhelmed with such absolute frankness, could only stand and contemplate her.

"Of course you've heard of my engagement," went on Miss Rackstraw, still intent on herself. "Everybody is delighted! Of course, I might have done better, I've no doubt, than a mere prospective baronet; but then one never can tell. And anyhow the title must come to him soon, his uncle is so old; and it's a lovely old place, I hear, and of course the family is as old as the hills! However, don't tell aunt Janet that I look at it in that matter-of-fact light; she's old-fashioned enough to believe in love and all that exploded nonsense!"

"And do not you?" Deletia's tone was less amused than rebuking.

"I? Heaven forbid! One is enough for that, and my fiance has such very stern views on the subject that they more than suffice for us both. Love's pretty well exploded nowadays. I should fancy; at all events, it doesn't stand a chance where money is. My young man's people wanted money—at least, his uncle did—he himself has much too exalted views to think of anything so common, and my people wanted position. Voila tout! If my romantic fiance chooses to fancy himself in love with me, and me with him, why, so much the better for him, from his point of view!"

Deletia was thoroughly disgusted, yet there was a certain fascination about Miss Rackstraw's extraordinary candor and her undeniable good-humor which she not help liking in spite of herself. Her unbidden guest had seated herself on the bed and was gazing about the sparely-furnished room.

"How queer foreign houses are!" she said. "So poverty-stricken and devoid of comfort, according to our notions. The houses in Malta are all like palaces—and what a place it is for having fun! Balls every night, and picnics, sports, and races every day—'just perfectly lovely,' as an American girl there used to say. There were crowds of visitors there this year—that's how I came to meet my fiance. His old uncle was stopping in our hotel, and the nephew—who's in the Artillery—was stationed at Fort St. Elmo; so, of course, we saw no end of each other, and my people and the uncle made the match. Then, when I was coming over here, he and a great friend of his—a brother-gunner—took first leave so as to bring me over. It will be very long leave indeed, as far as my young man goes, for my people are making it a condition that he leaves the service. No dragging about round the world at the tail-end of a garrison-battery for me, thank you! I mean to settle down on his place in the South. What's the use of having a place, else?"

"But do you think you'll like the country?"

Deletia felt little doubt in her own mind on the subject.

"Bless you, you don't suppose I mean to stay there all the year round! We shall go down only for the shooting and hunting, but I mean it to be a place I can ask my friends to. Papa insisted on his pulling down the old place—or, at least, part of it—and building a house fit for me to live in. He didn't like it; but his uncle is so set on the marriage that he vowed it should be done, and he's giving up the place to us in his life-time. There—I shall never dress if you stay here; I do nothing but chatter! You'd better run away and see my lover and his friend, and try to entertain them. I believe aunt has him in her clutches just now. Heaven help him! She's probably giving him a lesson in propriety—as she did me just now. Fancy her saying that it was improper to let two men travel the same vessel with me, when I was engaged to one of them too and had a maid with me—nowadays, when girls travel alone all over the Continent and go to the Fiji Islands by themselves! There—run along, and send my maid if you see her!"

And Deletia found herself being ejected unceremoniously from her own room.

She stepped out upon the terrace and lingered a moment, instinctively, to look at Vesuvius. There it stood, the light cloud-shadows chasing each other over its purple sides. How small seemed Eva Rackstraw's worldly wisdom—how ignoble her declared aims and hopes! Deletia could not help feeling compassion for the man who was to marry a wife so unworthy of the name.

"All the same, he ought to see what she really is," she said to herself, as she turned towards the open window of the sitting-room. "I cannot fancy a good man caring for such a girl as that. One I know would not!"—and a faint smile crossed her lips as she thought of her childhood's hero.

Two young men were sitting talking to Mrs. McNab on the green-covered chairs in the tiled sitting-room. One was about thirty—a handsome man with earnest, honest, dark blue eyes; the other was somewhat older, with a round, red, good-humored face and light hair. Both looked up as Deletia entered.

"Come in," said Mrs. McNab. "I wondered where you were. Let me introduce you to Miss Grimsby—Major Barrington"—waving her hand to the elder man. "And here"—indicating the other—"is my niece's future husband, Captain D'Eynecourt."

CHAPTER VI.

THE hot May sun was shining with a peculiarly vivid yellow glare upon an hotel-carriage, with its lean Neapolitan horses and a goodly weight of six living souls inside and out, as it made its way at a brisk trot through the hideous and dirty main street that leads through the old suburb of Portici. There was a tin case beside the coachman and Major Barrington on the box, and a long green butterfly-net swung from its pole with every jolt of the carriage. Mrs. McNab refused to let it out of her own hands for an instant.

"People who know nothing about it treat it with disgusting carelessness," she had said, with a pointed look at Miss Rackstraw when, at starting, Captain D'Eynecourt had vainly tried to make her resign her beloved net to his guardianship.

So there it swung, proclaiming that Mrs. McNab meant her day at Pompeii to be less given over to antiquarianism than to the pursuit of the exclusively modern.

It was just a week since Miss Rackstraw's arrival—since Deletia had stood face to face with her shattered ideal and know that the old child-dream was over. He was no more like the hero of her schoolgirl fancies than a living man is like a shadow or a statue of clay. Yet in that brief week Deletia had learned, all unknown to herself, to put the reality far higher on the pedestal of her inner heart's respect than the ideal had ever been.

At first, she shrank a little from him, not only in the grief of her ruined illusion and from dread of his recognition, but because it seemed to her that a man who was about to marry Eva Rackstraw was not the hero she had dreamed of and longed to meet. If he were marrying her for her money, he had indeed fallen so low that she could not think of her past ideal of him without a blush; and, if it were for love, pure and simple, Deletia felt that her "heir" of the past childish days could never have been in that bold and dashing maiden the first quality to charm.

But all this changed with the changing days when the whole party were thrown together in an intimacy which can only be born of such circumstances of mutual intercourse and interest. First of all, Deletia saw, with perhaps a keener pang than she had owned even to herself, that there was no danger of her being recognized at all. Of course it was absurd to think that a man mixing in the busy world, and absorbed in a score of things of which she could not even dream, should keep the memory of a mere passing incident which had seemed to her to color all her life. There was nothing to make him remember what she never could forget; and he had not remembered, it was quite clear.

Then, for all the rest, she was puzzled; but, in spite of all, her old child-faith in Alured D'Eynecourt was slowly but surely coming back. That he could love Miss Rackstraw seemed more and more impossible as she grew to know him better; and yet that further knowledge made her more and more convinced that he was not a man to marry if he did not love. It all seemed a profound puzzle in which she could comprehend nothing.

The dust was thick along the Pompeii road—that strange, fine, black lava dust which brings with force to the mind of the traveler the sufferings of the smothered inhabitants of long ago. It seemed the strangest thing in life to be driving over these classic roads in this commonplace picnic fashion, and up to the very gate where, on that awful midday when the golden sunshine was suddenly blotted out in blackest midnight, a rushing frantic crowd, hustling and flinging each other under foot in their mad terror, strove first to reach the stone portal, which opened on to the sea-shore and gave them hopes of safety and escape.

"I hadn't an idea Pompeii was so big," remarked Miss Rackstraw patronisingly, as Major Barrington helped her to alight. "I thought it was only a few tents, and it was Bulwer Lytton who had invented all the stories about it. What a silly creature that blind girl was in his book! I never had the least patience with her. Now, then, where are we to have luncheon?"

"At the cleanest of the hotels," answered Mrs. McNab, with her habitual sniff—"if there's one to be found in this land of dirt!"

"Aunt, if you capture any butterflies here, you'll have to let the cicerone examine your tin box before you leave these gates." Miss Rackstraw rather enjoyed teasing her friends. "They'll think you're carrying off treasures from the excavations, and pounce upon you as sure as fate!"

"Let them dare lay a finger on my collection!" said aunt Janet, with air of indignation.

"And this is Pompeii!" Deletia did not know she breathed the words aloud, as she stood a little apart from the rest, gazing, with clasped hands and all her soul in her shining eyes, at the gray relics of the dead past.

"Yes," said a voice, almost as low as her own; "one can hardly believe it. The great swarming city, full of busy life and mad pleasure, cast down in a moment to nothingness; lying hidden for centuries only to be laid bare to another race."

Deletia did not even turn her head to see him—there was no need. She had learned well enough in this past week whose mood alone chimed with hers in scenes like this.

"Don't you think it's the being set face to face with the home-life of the past and finding it just the same as our own to-day that is so fascinating?" she asked, still in the same undertone. "I do believe nothing in the Naples Museum delighted me so much as those paste-cutters—the very same that we use in our kitchens still. It seems to bring close to us the people who have been dead nearly two thousand years."

"And to know they lived, and loved, and despaired, and struggled, just as we do," D'Eynecourt responded, with a smile that was more sad than amused. "What atoms it makes us feel, doesn't it—just grains of dust in a limitless universe, drops in a vast ocean! And all the more with that beside one." And he glanced at Vesuvius' calm purple height and the wreath of white smoke that curled lazily from the silent cone.

"Come along to luncheon!" broke in Miss Rackstraw. "We're going to try the hotel by the station. I believe it's the very one where the Mauleverers stopped, and where they said everything was so well served. I do hope there hasn't been a change of management!"

Deletia felt a sense of profound thankfulness when luncheon was over, and the slight sightseeing tolerated by Miss Rackstraw was at an end.

"Of course one ought to see it all!" Miss Rackstraw said. "People always question one afterwards; and it doesn't do to let people think you've skipped anything you're expected to see. You might just put down all the names of the places, Alured, and buy photographs of them, so that I shall remember. House of Diomede—is that the place we've just come out of? Oh, yes—where there's that disgusting mark of a slave's body against the cellar wall! Well, we've had about enough of it, don't you think? I vote we go and find aunt Janet and rescue her and her butterflies from the devouring custodian."

And she went off gaily, her pretty green-and-white frock and the fantastic open-work straw hat, with its trimming of pongee silk and green poppies, looking strangely incongruous against the background of tall carved tombs, with the very stillness of death upon and around them.

Deletia was glad of the chance to slip away unobserved from the rest of the party. Miss Rackstraw's light chatter and commonplace criticisms had jarred upon her horribly, and she wanted to be alone. An empty house attracted her as she passed down one of the narrow streets with its cart-worn ruts in the unequal road, and she entered. It was a small house, but very perfect. The wonderful red plaster on the walls still showed the dancing nymphs and fauns in rich color and the decoration of leaves and grapes that ran round the upper wall of the atrium. The square court within, which had once probably held a marble fountain, was now one sharply-marked-out bed of scarlet poppies, glowing like a flame in the fierce bright sun.

She sat down on a shattered column in the shade and took off her shady hat.

"Hallo!" said a voice; and Major Barrington emerged, cigarette in mouth, from an inner room. "So you've escaped too!" he said, with a comical look, as he dropped down upon the column at her side. "I thought I was the only deserter! You don't mind my smoking, do you? I really had to retreat without notice. I couldn't stand that flow of appreciation any longer."

Deletia tried to look serious, but failed. Nobody could help being tolerant to Major Barrington.

"Poor D'Eynecourt—how I pity him!" he went on meditatively, gathering the loose white tesseræ from the pavement beneath him, and letting them gently slide again through his fingers. "Fancy that style of conversation going on uninterruptedly at your breakfast-table for the next thirty years—or even forty! Heaven defend us! D'Eynecourt will be a raving lunatic long before that, I expect.

"But, presumably, Captain D'Eynecourt likes it, since it is his own free choice."

Deletia shaded her face and her ungloved hand and traced the pattern of the pavement with the toe of her shoe.

"Not he, poor fellow! It wasn't his choice at all—only an affair made up between the families. Miss Rackstraw's people had money and wanted family; and Sir Adrian D'Eynecourt's uncle, was anxious to clear off the debts on the estate. D'Eynecourt's consent was the only thing hard to obtain."

"And he gave it to such an arrangement!" Deletia's tone of indignant scorn surprised even her own ears.

"Not to the mere arrangement, by any manner of means. He stood out hard enough at first. But then they got over him by telling him the girl was madly in love with him. After that he gave in, and the thing was done. Well, well, perhaps it won't turn out so badly in the end, after all. Money does a lot for people's happiness in this world, and it isn't as if there were any other woman he cared about."

"Of course not." Deletia's voice sounded very low and subdued.

"All the same, you'd never believe what a strange romantic fellow he is," went on Major Barrington, flinging the end of his cigarette among the poppies and clasping his hands behind his head. "Would you suppose that, for the past six years or so, he's been trying to find a little girl for whom he had a most sentimental tenderness? He never saw her but once—a slim quaint-looking little thing, with big strange eyes. She came and begged him to give up a face her father had been fond of—it fell to D'Eynecourt in payment of a debt, or some such thing. I forget the details, though I was there at the time. They were neighbors of the D'Eynecourts, and he and I were sitting at breakfast at his place down in Sussex, I remember perfectly, when this small child came in through the window and made her request. I certainly never saw such a dear little thing, nor one so plucky. D'Eynecourt kissed her when she went away—she wouldn't do me the same honor, I know—and afterwards he told me he'd fallen in love with her then and there and meant to marry her when she grew up, if she'd have him. However, the day after the funeral somebody carried her off; and, though D'Eynecourt has told me since he tried his best to find out what had become of her, he couldn't. I think she probably died; you could have blown her away with a feather. Anyhow, Skiffins always used to say he'd never marry at all unless he found her. Why, he even vowed you reminded him of her the day we met you here! However, he sees now, I fancy, that you can't spend your life over a bygone sentiment—and certainly sentiment, bygone or otherwise, and Miss Rackstraw haven't much to say to each other. All the same, I hope for his peace of mind that he doesn't contrast her with what he used to idealize as Miss Ormesby. Hallo! Parlez des anges! There they come! I owe the young lady a grudge for making D'Eynecourt leave the service. He loses a profession he loved, and where he was getting on well—he's a soldier through and through—and I lose one of the best comrades a man ever had or can expect to have. Hallo, Skiffins!"—as that individual appeared in the doorway and paused to let Miss Rackstraw's green-and-white draperies enter first. "So you've returned to antiquarian research—eh, old man?"

"We've returned from aunt Janet and the butterflies," said Miss Rackstraw. "It was more flight from her than pursuit of ruins that brought us back. She wanted me to stick the pins in them and asked Alured to catch a green lizard that was lying on the wall. So I said I'd help him, and we chased it till it was out of sight; and then we fled round the first corner and came upon you. What have you been doing, eh?"—and she looked with growing amusement at the blush which still lingered on Deletia's soft cheek.

"Oh, we've been studying the antique!" replied Major Barrington, with calm and unabashed mendacity. "Miss Grimsby has been giving me instruction in Pompeian architecture; it's most interesting. Let me see. That door you came in at is the impluvium, and this bench is a vestibulum, and—— What are you grinning at—eh, Skiffins?"

"At your curiously receptive mind," said Captain D'Eynecourt, stooping to pick a tiny spray of maiden-hair fern from the gray wall by Deletia's elbow. "You show such a talent for adapting your terms to their proper objects. You should write a handbook of early Roman architecture and give it to the world for its delight and instruction—shouldn't he, Miss Grimsby?"

"Miss Grimsby!" repeated Eva Rackstraw contemptuously. "Why do you call her that absurd name? It's my aunt's nonsense. She's not Miss Grimsby any more than I am. Her name is Ormesby—Deletia Ormesby!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE week that followed was one of very mixed emotions to Deletia. On looking back afterwards, it seemed as she could only vaguely recall the days that passed and the places to which they went, but where all the conventional sight-seeing was merged into consciousness of Alured D'Eynecourt's presence. To her it seemed as though it were easier to bear her own empty lot in life now that Barrington's words had betrayed the truth to her, and she knew that the hero of her dreams had held her image in his heart all these long years.

Even his engagement to Eva did not mean treachery to the past; and to know why he had taken the step that bound him as Miss Rackstraw's future husband was not the least part of the consolation.

There was only one drawback to the feeling of absolute relief, and that was that her own identity was a secret no longer, and that a miserable sort of constraint had fallen—as, indeed, it could hardly help doing—between herself and Captain D'Eynecourt from the moment Miss Rackstraw's word had told him who she really was. Captain D'Eynecourt had given her but one swift startled look of recognition before he turned silently away. But from that moment he had ceased to treat her with the kind friendliness he had shown her so unvaryingly before, and they seemed to stand upon a new and distant footing.

It was best so—far best, Deletia told herself again and again. She and Captain D'Eynecourt could never be ordinary friends; it was best that they should be less even than acquaintances, now that fate had put so absolute a gulf between them. And yet it made her heart ache a little, despite herself, to see how quietly he avoided being near her—so quietly that no one but herself could see it.

One day at San Martino, for instance, they had wandered about the wonderful monastery on the lofty hill-top—now turned from the chanting of hymn and psalm to the uses of a civil museum. They had paced the smooth polished floor of the white marble cloisters, where, between tall shining columns, the inner quadrangle blazed a glory of vivid flowers, purple and scarlet and yellow, in the hot Southern sunshine. They stopped at the doors of the narrow cells, where, each hour, the sleeping brotherhood had been wont to waken at the dolorous voice that cried through the narrow grating, "Brother, we must die!" and the monk within replied, before he turned on his hard stone pallet to try to sleep again, "Brother, die we must!"

"Disgusting, I call it!" said Miss Rackstraw, with her usual frankness. "Fancy having Death poked at you like that without intermission! I call it very bad taste, to say the least!"

"Not to speak of the ghastly discomfort," murmured Major Barrington, who lingered behind with her parasol in his hand.

It was just after that that Deletia, standing upon the little balcony that hung like a spider's web from the wall, was looking down in wonder and delight at the whole town stretched like some far-off panorama below. At the sound of a step behind her she turned her head. D'Eynecourt was in the very act of stepping out upon the balcony beside her when at sight of her he stopped short. A sudden change came over his face, a look almost of dread, and, muttering something Deletia did not catch, he turned hastily and went back. It was as if he shunned her, and she felt cut to the heart.

After all, it was intense relief to feel that Miss Rackstraw's fortnight was almost at an end and that to-morrow would see the last of her at Naples, Miss Rackstraw and her maid were going home by Orient steamer, and the two men were journeying more slowly across the Continent to arrive just in time for the wedding. There was only one day more of this difficult mask-wearing—of trying to hide a heartache with a careless smile; and Deletia almost wondered that she could not feel the actual pleasure she would have experienced in the thought of seeing Captain D'Eynecourt leave—no doubt for ever.

She was thinking of it this perfect afternoon as they drove along the road between Castellamare and Sorrento—that road which "Murray" pronounces the loveliest in the whole world.

The usual order of the party had changed of late; Captain D'Eynecourt had quietly altered the arrangement by which his superior officer had hitherto been relegated to the box and had possessed himself altogether of that exalted position. At times he would vary it by leaving them altogether and starting off on foot by short cuts across the country, joining the carriage farther on, only to go off again at the next opportunity. No one but Deletia seemed to notice how marked his conduct was, and she could not help thinking how, had she been in Eva Rackstraw's place, it would have hurt and wounded her, and wondering that she seemed to care so little.

Major Barrington however was by far the more amusing companion of the two, and Rackstraw did not seem in the very least to object to the change. In point of fact, the merriment of the party lay entirely with them, for Mrs. McNab had of late relapsed into a sort of grim contemplation of her niece which would have disconcerted most people, had they found themselves its object; and Deletia had not the heart or the spirit to be entertaining.

She sat in the corner of the wide old-fashioned carriage they had picked up at the castellamare station, and tried to shut her ears to the clatter of laughter and small talk that passed between Miss Rackstraw and the volatile Major; while, with all her eyes and soul, she drank in the unearthly loveliness of the scene spread out before her.

At last she was aroused by a familiar name.

"Ewehurst!" said Miss Rackstraw. "Do you call it pretty? Well, there's no accounting for tastes. Mine don't lie in the direction of fusty antiquity, I must confess. Alured's place is ghastly, I consider; not grand enough to make it romantic—just inconvenient and poky and ugly. We're pulling down nearly the whole of it—they've begun with the roof already—and we're building a house that one can really live in and not be ashamed to ask people to. It's to be gray stone, with a nice long front of windows and a square roof; you can get in so many more bedrooms, they tell me. Of course it won't be done for the next two years probably; it's got to be actually rebuilt, and I mean to have all the modern improvements—electric light and bells, and telephones to the stables, and all that. Miss Ormesby, you know Captain D'Eynecourt's place, I think? Didn't I hear that you lived somewhere near there when you were a child? Well, then, you can understand what an improvement it will be, can't you? It is a fearful old rat-trap now, isn't it?"

"I always thought it the prettiest and most perfect place in the world," said Deletia, a sudden vision rising before her eyes of the old red gables, mellowed with age, and the quaint twisted chimney-pots rising above the trees of the Chase. "I never knew but one place I liked better, and that was Ormesby Grange."

"Dear me!" Miss Rackstraw's eyebrows were arched disdainfully. "You don't say so! Then I'm afraid I mustn't appeal to you to admire the means by which I'm making the place habitable." And she shrugged her shoulders with a little gesture which had the same effect upon Mrs. McNab as the traditional red rag upon a mad bull.

"For Heaven's sake, don't grimace like a Frenchwoman!" she broke out. "You're dressed like one already; but you needn't make the likeness any closer."

"I dare say my style of dressing must seem strange to you." Miss Rackstraw glanced from Mrs. McNab's green skirt and black bodice, trimmed with yellow braid, to her own perfectly-appointed toilette of pale pink cambric, with its white watered ribbon sash. "I suppose you represent Anglo-Saxon dressing?"—and she put up her long-handled glass with an air of curious scrutiny.

Deletia felt an outbreak imminent.

"What a lovely villa!" she hastily interposed as they rattled down the last hill outside Sorrento and came full upon the smiling village.

The villa was on the very outskirts—a long white house, rather low and closed in from the road by a high wall and a thick screen of closely-clipped cypress-trees. It was the glimpse one caught of its side to the sea that had called forth Deletia's exclamation of pleasure.

An open verandah, paved with black and white marble, ran along the front, with a perfect blaze of color in the flowers, which overran their stone pots and wound round the gray columns that upheld the roof. Below, terrace after terrace, with balustrades and vases of glistening marble, stretched down to the edge of the cliff; and from the lowest one could have dropped a pebble into the blue waters fifty feet below. Statues gleamed and fountains played among the thick shaded walks and flower-grown ledges; and the whole effect was so joyous, so lovely, and so like the embodiment of a day-dream that Deletia's heart expanded.

"Rather too like an Italian opera!" said Miss Rackstraw. "I hate places that cause you for ever to wander up and down steps; you need a lift in a house to have any kind of comfort or convenience!"

And Deletia refrained from any further attempts to excite her admiration of the picturesque.

They picnicked in an olive grove just beyond the village and off the road. It was close to the cliff's edge that overhung the quiet sea; and on the right they could watch the busy Marina far away, with its rows of gaily-painted fishing-boats drawn up on the brown strand, and hear the bells ringing faintly from the little old brown convent far up the green hillside.

Luncheon was not a festive meal in spite of Major Barrington's badinage with his friend's fiancée—in fact, but for that it would have been absolutely silent. Mrs. McNab had forgotten her butterfly-net and was out of temper in consequence; while Deletia and Captain D'Eynecourt were both mute and miserable. The whole party had a distinct feeling that their breakfast upon the morrow would not be a thing to regret.

The ladies were once more in the carriage for the return drive, and the men had strolled round a point of the cliff to explore a tiny bay beyond, when Mrs. McNab uttered a horrified exclamation.

"I left my smoked goggles behind at the place we lunched at!" she said. "Where are those perfectly useless young men? One of them can go and fetch them."

"They are smoking, and didn't know we meant to start so soon," said her niece, yawning unconcealedly. "They won't be here yet. Miss Ormesby will fetch the goggles for you, I haven't a doubt."

"Of course!" said Deletia, alighting promptly. "You laid them on the stone beside you; I remember now. I'll get them in half a minute." And she ran down the steep little path to the sheltered nook on the cliff's edge where they had picnicked.

There lay the goggles in their green baize case; but, as Deletia bent forward to pick them up, round the corner of the jutting rock at her side came Captain D'Eynecourt's well-known figure. Confused and startled at an encounter she would have done anything to avoid, she made a hasty step forward to regain the path. Her foot caught in the hem of her dress, she stumbled, fell forward violently, and would have pitched over the cliff's edge into the blue sea below had she not been swiftly caught in Captain D'Eynecourt's arms.

"Great Heaven!" said a voice so hoarse and broken that she hardly knew it for his own. "My darling—my one love!"

For one brief moment of mingled terror and ecstasy she rested upon his heart—she felt his warm breath on her cheek. Then recollection came over them both, and she tore herself from the clasp that was unresisting.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A STUDY of the small toe in man has been made in Germany by Herr Pfitzner. In thirty-six per cent. of the persons examined—the porportion being greater among women than men—this toe was found to have only two joints instead of three supposed to belong to it. That tight shoes have not caused the union of two bones was shown by the fact that the proportion having the peculiarity was about the same among small children as among adults. The investigator concludes the small toe is in course of degeneration, and is inclined to believe that man may eventually become four-toed.

AMONG the new diseases are listed typewriters' backache, telephone earache, gum-chewers' lockjaw and cigarette smokers' insanity.

LET ME TAKE REST.

BY W. W. LORD.

Sweet, when mother earth at set of sun,
In quietude doth lie in shadow drest;
Between the daylight and the dark,
Upon your heart let me take rest.

When evening spreads her twilight mantle
On the soft white of the fair day's breast,
And gems the earth with moonlight's silver dust,
Close in your arms let me find rest.

When sable night shuts out the twilight's glow,
And star-lamps cluster in the west,
And silence like a benediction falls,
Let me lie in your arms and rest.

Through all the night-time's peaceful reign,
Away from all the world's unrest,
Let me lie in your loving arms,
And peaceful sleep upon your breast.

My Father's Story.

BY O. C. L.

"MR. LYNN, Miss Lizzie," said Mary, as she entered my dressing-room. "I have shown him into the parlor, and he bid me say he would be glad to speak to you."

"Tell Mr. Lynn that I am engaged and cannot see him."

The girl stood looking at me in mute wonder. I felt my face flushed, but I did not add to my words, and after a moment's embarrassed silence, she withdrew. Then when she had descended the stairs, I opened the door of the room and listened breathlessly, while she delivered my message.

"Engaged!" said Edward; "cannot see me?"

"Yes, sir," she replied; "that is all she said."

I leaned forward, listening eagerly to the sound of his footsteps as he walked slowly along the hall to the door. He seemed to stand there a moment in puzzled silence, and then he said, "She is quite well, Mary?"

"Yes, sir," she replied; "at least I suppose so."

An instant more and the hall door was closed, and then I ran to the window and watched him as he walked silently down the street, a look of perplexity and disappointment clouding his handsome face.

"There!" I said, when at last he had disappeared from my view. "Perhaps some one else is uneasy now, Mr. Lynn! A very satisfactory feeling this paying off one's debts."

I finished my toilette and went into our pretty morning-room. Taking my pencil I bent over my drawing, but my hand was very unsteady, and there was a strange, uncomfortable choking in my throat. I could not see plainly what I was doing, and at last a great tear splashed upon the paper. I pushed the drawing from me, threw the pencil down, and had a good cry—sobbing like a child.

When I had grown calmer I threw myself upon a couch near the fire, and tried to sleep, that I might forget my trouble. But I was still too much excited to admit of that, and so I lay quiet, thinking sadly of my quarrel with Edward Lynn. No, not a quarrel, but what I considered good cause for one. Let me explain.

A few days before, the great tragedienne, Miss Cushman, was to appear in Romeo to her sister's Juliet. She would remain in our city for a week. I was very desirous of seeing her, and had set my heart upon attending the theatre on the first night of her appearance.

I had expressed this wish to Edward on the day before the performance, and had been much disappointed by his reply. He said that there was not a box unengaged, on account of the number of persons who, knowing how great the rush would be upon this night, had secured their seats beforehand.

"Besides, Lizzie," he added, "I have promised to meet my brother and his family at the station this evening, when the nine o'clock train arrives. They are strangers here, and will depend upon seeing me. Now don't you feel put out," he said, bending to kiss my clouded face. "We will go on Wednesday."

I tried to bear my disappointment bravely, but my eyes filled with rebellious tears, and after he had gone I covered my face and had a good cry, which relieved me wonderfully.

The next evening, when I rose from the dinner-table, my father bade me dress myself to accompany him to the theatre. "I know how much you wished to go, Lizzie," he said; "and so I engaged a box as I went to the warehouse yesterday morning."

I was very much surprised and delighted, and should probably have enjoyed the play as well as I had anticipated, but an incident occurred which entirely destroyed my pleasure. As I sat quietly looking around the house upon my entrance, my father bent forward and said, "Do you know who that very pretty girl is in the second box from the stage? I had a sister who much resembled her, and who died when about her age."

I glanced in the direction indicated, and shook my head in answer to my father's question. At the same instant the curtain rose, and he did not notice the involuntary start I gave, or my change of color. By the side of the young beauty, with his arm resting carelessly on the back of her seat, sat Edward. There was no mistaking him. I should have known those glossy, brown curls, with their golden tinge and rich abundance, among a thousand uncovered heads.

Only occasionally could I see his face, and that was when he turned towards his companion. How radiantly beautiful she was! She could be hardly more than sixteen, I thought, and possessing one of the most perfect faces and forms I ever saw. The features were regular and expressive, and the complexion so beautifully tinted as to look hardly natural. Her coal black hair was short and curling, and clustered in silken masses about her ivory brow, and danced in glossy rings against her dimpled cheeks.

All the evening my eyes scarcely strayed from them. I noted every glance, every whispered word; not a motion of his or a look of hers escaped me. I hardly raised my eyes to the stage, and could not have told at the close of the evening's entertainment whether Miss Cushman was tall or short, light or dark, good or an indifferent actress.

My father marveled at my abstraction as we rode home, but I hurried from him when we reached the house, and locked myself in my room. I could not conceal from myself that I was jealous of the beautiful stranger, mere child though she was, distrustful of Edward's truth, surprised, grieved, angered, and confounded.

I passed a sleepless night, and arose unrefreshed in mind and body. My heart was still sore, and my thoughts full of anger and revenge. So that on the following morning when Edward called, as I have just stated, I refused to see him, supposing that his own conscience would give him the clue to my displeasure.

What a long forenoon that was! I did not dare to leave my room, lest my swollen eyelids and sad face should excite remark. I pleaded a severe headache as the cause of my non-attendance at luncheon, and it was a truthful excuse, for my crying, and the restless night I had spent, almost made me ill.

But when the lunch tray was taken away, my kind aunt, who had taken care of me from my infancy, sought me out and gained my confidence. Her gentle expostulations and sensible counsel did a great deal towards calming me, and showing me the matter in its true light, as not being so bad as my excited fancy had induced me to believe it. And so, after half an hour's cool reflection, I bathed my flushed face and went downstairs, with the humbling conviction that I had been very silly to make myself so miserable about an act which, because I could not comprehend it, I had taken for granted was something very dreadful.

When my father came home from the warehouse, weary and harassed in mind, I took my guitar, and sitting on the sofa by his side, sang to him all his favorite songs.

Gradually the careworn look faded from his face, and after a while he bent forward and drew me towards him. There, with my cheek laid against his, I told him of what had occurred, and how unhappy I had been. I was sure of his sympathy, as I had always been, but I was not prepared for the look of inexpressible sadness that stole over his face.

"Avoid being rash, Lizzie," he said, very earnestly. "This may be, and probably is, a mere misunderstanding."

"But, father," said I, "does it not look like a wilful deception?"

"Not any more than certain incidents once appeared in my own lifetime, Lizzie, and they proved to be mere circumstantial evidence." He paused a moment, and then said, "Kiss me, darling; and I will tell you a story that may be useful to you.

"You have never heard me speak of Edith Grant. She was my first love; can I confess it to you when you look at me so sadly with the violet eyes of your dead mother?—my only love! Your mother was a gentle, childish creature, but twenty when she died. Even as a child, Edith Grant was sedate, gentle, confiding, and of womanly beauty. We were situated precisely as Edward and you are—she an only daughter, I the confidential clerk of her father. We had known each other since we were children of a dozen years, and were neither of us hardly of age, when with her father's permission we plighted our troth. I cannot tell you how I loved her—but through her I worshipped the God that gave her being. Her nature was not so passionate as mine, but when she put her white hand in mine and said, 'William, I love you,' with her clear eyes looking straight into my own, I was satisfied.

"It was while on a visit to some relations at Clitheroe that she became acquainted with a young man named Joseph Hunter. He was a very handsome, bright, intelligent sort of fellow, possessing a good reputation, yet with all this I found cause to dislike him. He returned home with Edith, and there seemed to exist an intimacy between them that I did not like. She had a playful way of addressing him, and seemed strangely free and easy in his society, I thought, for one of her usually reserved habits.

"I could not conceal my uneasiness, neither could she help noticing it; but nothing more than an occasional grave look, or an unusually tender caress when I was particularly gloomy, betrayed her knowledge of its existence. Sometimes when her head was resting on my breast, and her dark eyes raised to mine, as we sat alone together of an evening, I would look steadily and searchingly into their clear depths. But their brightness was never shadowed—they never shrank from my questioning gaze. But the subject was never mentioned between us. She never broached it, and I was too proud to do so, knowing that she understood me and kept silent from choice.

"Gradually I came to hate Hunter. He seemed always in my way, and at Mr. Grant's house continually. Once I saw them in a large furniture warehouse together as I passed by, and often bowed to her as she rode by in her father's carriage, he ever by her side. Between us, his name was never mentioned, and Hunter himself seemed entirely oblivious of my antipathy. His manner to me was always courteous, respectful, and completely free from embarrassment.

"One morning I called at Mr. Grant's, intending to make arrangements to take Edith to a concert to be given that evening. I stepped into the house, as I had been in the habit of doing, without ringing, and quietly entered the front parlor, expecting to find her there as usual. But I was mistaken; there was no one there. Hesitating a moment, I heard voices in the room adjoining, and listened, wishing to know if Edith was there. Distinctly I heard Hunter say, 'We must be married at ten o'clock, so as to be ready to start for the Lakes directly after breakfast. The train goes at once. Be sure and look your loveliest. By the way, don't fail me this afternoon about going to Davis'. I couldn't do a thing without you. I should send home bright blue carpets and yellow window curtains. Good-bye.'

"I heard him laugh gaily, and Edith answered in a low voice; then a door shut, and my betrothed, with a smile on her lips, came forward from the room, which was only separated from the one in which I stood, by folding doors. She started on seeing me, and held out her hand with a pleasant 'Good morning.'

"Almost with an oath I pushed her from me, and burst into a storm of frenzied words. Heaven only knows what I said. I never knew. I have a vague remembrance of accusing her of perfidy, deception, and treachery, of reproaching her in the bitterest terms. She did not attempt a reply, did not utter one syllable, and I accepted this as conclusive proof of her guilt.

"At length I rushed from the house, leaving her standing pale and motionless in the attitude she had involuntarily assumed upon my first outburst. I paced my room all that night alternately cursing her and myself—half-crazed with my sorrow. But when morning came, with its cold, gray light, I grew calmer. But my life that had been so bright with my hopes but a few weeks before, was now as dark and cheerless as the coming day. The dreary rain plashed against the windows and the wind wailed about the house, till I thought its incessant moaning would drive me mad. It was the darkest day of my life.

"That evening, just at twilight, Mr. Grant requested me to go to his house and bring him a packet of papers that he kept locked in his private desk. For a moment I was about to refuse, but suddenly remembering that Edith seldom sat in the library and I should not be likely to see her, I went.

"When I had reached the house I passed directly to the room I was seeking. Swinging open the door noiselessly I quietly entered, but my heart sprang to my throat. Seated upon a low ottoman by the window was Edith. The graceful folds of her dark dress rested upon the carpet, upon which at her feet crouched her favorite dog—a beautiful Newfoundland. The shaggy head of the animal rested upon her knee, and his great, brown eyes were fixed steadily upon her face.

"One slender hand supported her cheek as her arm rested on the window ledge, the other lay listlessly in her lap. But her face! I could hardly recognize her. The features were calm and colorless as marble, and to the deep sadness of her eyes my passionate grief was mockery. For an instant her whole appearance was that of a beautiful statue, shown off to advantage by the dark, rich background of purple window drapery. The next, she was on her feet, her head thrown back, her eyes flashing, one hand pressed against her bosom, the other employed in shaking the dog from her robes. For a moment there was perfect silence, and then, guided by Heaven only knows what impulse, I sprang forward.

"'Edith, Edith!' I cried; 'how could you deceive me so? How could you deliberately work all this misery? Nay, do not speak. Hear me first. In my blind idolatry, my trust in your truth, my perfect faith in your sincerity, I have borne in silence acts which, had I been less deluded, I should have known were the preliminaries to this—your shame. And now, Edith Grant, how can you stand there, in that attitude of insulted womanly dignity, knowing that I know what I do. What respect, think you, can I have for a woman who has proved herself so utterly base? Who has disgraced and degraded herself below the lowest standard of womanhood? You have not forgotten to blush yet, I see, and I marvel at it. Strange that this token of womanly shame should be left, where so little womanly truth and purity remain!

"Blush! Heavens, how the rich crimson flamed up into her face while I spoke! Her beautiful lips quivered as if she struggled for breath, and she staggered as if my insult had been given by a blow. Then she raised her eyes to my face, and what she saw there—for in my scornful wrath I must have looked like a very fiend—seemed to give her strength.

"'William Neville,' said she, 'God forgive you for the words you have uttered. Sometime, perhaps, he will show you your error; I never shall attempt it. I utter no reproaches, attempt no explanation. And now farewell! May your way never be so dark as you have made mine.'

"She swept from the room, and I stood as if spell-bound, and made no effort to detain her. I have never seen her since.

"I have no recollection of leaving the house or going to my lodgings, but I was lying upon the bed in my room when some one tapped lightly at the door. Then it was pushed open and Joseph Hunter entered.

"'Neville,' he said, gaily, sitting upon the foot of my bed; 'I've come to be congratulated. I'm to be married to-morrow to one of the most charming girls in Christendom! Hasn't Edith told you about it? How odd you look!'

"I could have strangled him as he sat there in his gay triumph, but I schooled myself to say as naturally as possible, 'I wish you all happiness.'

"'Thank you,' he replied. 'Edith has promised to be at the wedding, and you must not fail to accompany her. Promise!' he cried, laying his hand lightly on my shoulder.

"I shivered beneath his touch, but did not speak.

"'You are cold,' said he, 'and no wonder with this window open.'

He arose, closed the window, and came back to his seat.

"'What a dear, sensible girl Edith is,' he continued. 'I really don't know what I should have done without her these last three weeks. She has excellent taste.'

"Rather puzzled by his words, I made no reply.

"'Nellie is a mere child about such matters,' he added, 'and has left all the purchasing and fitting up of our pretty

cottage to Edith and me. And I flatter myself that we have managed the matter to perfection. Our drawing-room is a perfect miracle of beauty and cosiness. But promise me to come to the wedding. Edith and I are going to Clitheroe by the first train, and you must be ready to accompany us. That is my little lady's home, where Edith has been visiting this summer, you know, and we are to be married there, and then, ho! for the Lakes!'

"He ran on in this gay manner for some half hour, and then suddenly remembering an engagement, took himself off. The light his last words let in upon my bewildered brain almost blinded me. I raved like a maniac, striking my forehead with my clenched hands, cursing and loathing myself. I never closed my eyes all that long, wretched night, and when morning came I was raving in the delirium of fever.

"It was six weeks before I left my room again, and then I learned that Edith and her father were on the continent. They were traveling in the south of France for the improvement of Edith's health. Joseph Hunter and his young wife, Nellie Grant, were just returned from their wedding tour.

"I felt too keenly my shame and disgrace ever to attempt a communication with Edith, and crushing back the yearnings of my heart, tried to accept uncomplainingly the lot my own rashness had forced upon me.

"I quitted Mr. Grant's counting-house, and went up to London, and for years toiled persistently—a quiet, disappointed man. I never mentioned the past, and no one knew my history. Mr. Grant went out of business, and I longed to visit the old place. I came back, and here I met your mother—a lonely orphan, and my heart grew tender as I gazed upon her innocent beauty. We were thrown into each other's society much, and she grew to love me with a passionate ardor I had not believed her gentle nature capable of. In time I married her. She was happy with me for one short year, and then at your birth she died. Since, you have been the dearest thing on earth to me. Kiss me, Lizzie—my child, my darling."

I was weeping with him, and pressed passionate kisses upon his brow.

"And you shall always have me, father," said I. "I will never leave you."

"I do not wish this of you Lizzie," he replied. "All I wish is to see you happy."

We sat together on the sofa; I nestled in his arms, with my cheek laid against his. Only the firelight shed a mellow glow throughout the room; the gas was not lighted all the evening. At length the clock struck eleven, and then he kissed me gently, and sent me away to my chamber. And when I came down to breakfast the next morning, rather earlier than usual, he was sitting in the same place, with his eyes fixed on the dying embers.

During the day I came to the conclusion of what it was best for me to do, and when Edward called in the evening, I went down to meet him. He saluted me as usual, and we sat down together. Then before I had an opportunity to broach the subject (for I had determined to tell him of what I had seen, and ask an explanation), he observed that he had been to the theatre the evening before, for the purpose of accompanying his niece—his elder brother's only daughter.

"Her father had engaged a box, and could not accompany her," said Edward; "so I went off, and had the pleasure of listening to the little witch's ecstasies all the evening. These bachelor uncles are mighty convenient in large families. By the way, Julia will make a fine woman if she isn't spoiled by flattery. She has a beautiful complexion, and the handsomest eyes I ever saw."

A hot flush of shame and pleasure crept up to my forehead while he was speaking. I made him no reply, but bent forward to arrange the fire, that he might not see my confusion.

"Don't!" he cried, suddenly drawing me back to my seat. "You are making a fire that will roast us alive. Sit still; I want to talk to you. Haven't you a confession to make?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

He put his hand beneath my chin and held my face up so that I could not avoid his gaze.

"What if I should tell you that somebody else was at the theatre on Monday night, and had then and there seen something that had made her very miserable ever since?"

There was a moment of blank silence. Then a quick retort rose to my lips, but the clear, dark eyes, with their look of grave inquiry, were still fixed on my face, and after an instant's quivering of the lips, I broke down.

"You were too bad, Edward!"

"My foolish child—my dear little Lizzie," he said, laughingly, yet drawing me soothingly within his arms.

But I had my cry out, and then felt better, and as willing to laugh as he was. But when I raised my head, I caught sight of a suspicious brightness in his own mocking eyes.

The next October we were married, but I did not leave my father. We all lived together in my father's house, and he became almost as proud of his son as he is of his daughter and her son, my little Edward.

My father was still a handsome man. I thought so for the hundredth time while I watched him one morning as he sat in the window, reading some letters which he had just received by post. The dark eyes were still keen and clear, the mouth yet proud and firm, and the beauty of the curling chestnut hair not marred by the silver threads that twined among it. My boy crept to him and picked up one of the letters that had fallen to the floor. Fearing that he would tear it, I took it from him. As I did so, my attention was attracted by the extreme beauty of the handwriting.

"Father, father!" I cried; "I have discovered a secret. What lady correspondent have you?"

He looked up in surprise, took the letter, and turned strangely pale while he read it. When he had finished, he put it into my hands, saying, as he rose from his seat, "Do not stay to read it now, Lizzie, but come and pack up my traveling-bag for me, as I must leave by the twelve o'clock express."

He was so much excited that I forbore annoying him with questions; but when he had gone I eagerly perused the note. It read as follows:—

"William, they say that I am dying. Will you come to me? There is much that should be said between us.

"EDITH GRANT."

It was eight weeks before my father returned from Clitheroe, and during that time we often heard from him. His letters were short, and evidently hurriedly written; but I gradually learned from them as time passed by that Edith Grant was not to die, and a new sweet hope sprang up in my heart. The last letter we received before he came contained the following words:—

"Lizzie, do you remember that I told you that Edith Grant was my first and only love? She will return with me. We are to be married on Tuesday. You and your husband must come over for a day or two and bring little Edward with you."

The wedding took place at the old church; and when she, so pale, and calm, and fair, put out her arms to me, I sank sobbing upon her bosom, like an overexcited child. And we are so happy together! My father grows blither every day in his happiness; and Edith, with her noble pure face and gentle eyes, is more like a dear elder sister than a mother, though she often calls me her "dear daughter."

SENSE IN ANIMALS.

Taste and Smell are closely allied, even in man; while in the lower forms of life, especially the aquatic, the organs cannot be differentiated, though there is no doubt of the existence of the sense of smell, for the presence of odoriferous bodies is recognized.

What we speak of as the taste of certain things—garlic, for example—is really the smell, for garlic is tasteless; a blind-folded man can hardly distinguish between the taste of an onion and an apple or between various kinds of wine; nor can a man, when in a dark tunnel, tell whether his pipe is alight or not. Smell, indeed, has been called "taste at a distance."

The sense of smell in the higher animals protects the respiratory tract; for the membrane lining the nose forms part of the organ in man and other mammalia; hence, the current of air needed for respiration also conveys odoriferous particles to the nose—thus unwholesome air may be quickly recognized and avoided.

Further, the organ of smell being near the mouth, food may be easily examined by its smell before being actually tasted.

This nasal membrane contains the olfactory cells, from which a delicate filament passes to the surface, ending in birds, reptiles, and other lower vertebrates, in a fine hair or group of hairs.

A second filament runs deeper into the tissue, and is almost certainly there connected with the terminations of the olfactory nerve.

Bees are very fastidious in the matter of smells; they appear to object to the human breath, especially that of persons recovering from illness; therefore, to approach a hive with safety, be cautious how you breathe.

It is probably chiefly by the sense of smell that bees and ants recognize their friends—that is, the members of the same hive or colony—for bees sprinkled with scented syrup and then introduced into a strange hive will not be molested, as other intruders invariably are.

Has each hive or colony, then, its own special smell? Even if this be the case, yet there is probably some other means of recognition as well, for some ants were purposely immersed for three hours, and were yet recognized after their bath.

Sir John Lubbock mentions that when he put a few drops Eau de Cologne or rose-water near the entrance of a hive, a number of bees at once came out to see what was the matter. This they did for several days, but finally lost their curiosity, and took no further notice.

Ants are less excitable, and showed but slight surprise when various scents were in their path, though they evidently noticed them.

A few drops of scent, however, instantaneously stopped some ant-fights, the foes becoming quite friendly, the scent appearing to overpower the smell of the enemy. It is by this sense of smell that ants chiefly find their food.

Animals sometimes show a curious fondness for scent that must be quite foreign to them in their natural state. For example, the late Rev. J. G. Wood describes a pet of his, a coati-mondi, a creature like a raccoon, that loved scent, always finding out any scented handkerchief, even if hidden. It would roll the handkerchief up into a ball, then sniff at it for some time in ecstasy, finally turning round and slowly rubbing it up and down its tail.

Leopards, too, oddly enough, are extremely fond of scent; this susceptibility was the sole means used by a lady to completely tame a young leopard which eventually became a great pet. Whenever this leopard was obedient and gentle, she would give it a cardboard tray filled with lavender water; but no such treat was allowed if it scratched or put out its claws. The leopard used to sniff at the scent in the tray for some time and then roll over and over it till all was gone.

It is hardly necessary to dwell on instances of the keenness of this sense in animals; it is one of their chief means of protection from danger; for with many, such as the deer, it is this sense which gives timely warning of the approach of enemies; while some, such as the skunk and gambat, emit a most offensive smell when attacked, as a means of self-defence. With others it helps in the search for food and perhaps water; and with many it acts as a guide in the search for mates.

Smell also forms one of the chief means by which wild animals recognize their friends; some even have special glands like little pockets, which secrete odorous substances. The olfactory region is large in horses, sheep, and swine, but still larger in carnivorous creatures.

In seals it is so large and protuberant that it almost blocks up the entry of the respiratory passages, probably also serving somewhat to warm the air as well as to arrest every passing smell.

The sense of smell is by no means so developed in man as in dogs cats, and other animals; but it is often abnormally keen in individuals deprived of other senses; blind deaf-mutes, for example, can recognize their friends, and form an opinion about strangers, solely by means of this sense.

Possibly, however, animals are only sensitive to certain smells, while unconscious of others that affect us. If this be the case, they would naturally be able to follow up one particular scent more easily than a man—this scent, to which they are sensitive, being to them less confused with others.

Dogs are able to track their masters through crowded streets, where recognition by sight is quite impossible; and can find a hidden biscuit even when its faint smell is still further disguised by Eau de Cologne.

In some experiments Mr. Romanes lately made with a dog he found that it could easily track him when he was far out of sight, though no fewer than eleven people had followed him, stepping exactly in his footprints, in order to confuse the scent. The dog seemed to track him chiefly by the smell of his boots; for when without them, or with new boots on, it failed; but followed, though slowly and hesitatingly, when his master was without either boots or stockings. Dogs and cats certainly get more information by means of this sense than a man can; they often get greatly excited over certain smells, and remember them for very long periods.

Scientific and Useful.

ICE-BERGS.—The following apparatus indicates automatically the presence of blocks of ice or icebergs about ships. A case is suspended from the side of the ship enclosing a bimetallic thermometer with a small rod attached to the helix, which moves right or left according as the temperature of the latter rises or falls. When the temperature falls the rod comes against a small metallic knob and thus closes a circuit, ringing a bell placed near the officer on watch.

GUTTA-PERCHA AS CEMENT.—Gutta-percha is made to adhere and act as cement by means of heat. One of the most convenient ways of using it is to place a thin sheet between the surfaces to be joined, and then apply heat by means of a hot pressing-iron, applied on the back of the leather until the heat strikes through and melts the gutta. This is the mode used by tailors in cementing leather and cloth to cloth. Thin sheet gutta is on the market for this purpose.

TOUGHENED GLASS.—From the results of a large number of experiments it is found that the elasticity of toughened glass is more than double that of ordinary glass, and that toughened sheets bend much more readily than ordinary sheets. Single toughened glass has a resistance 2.5 times, and demi-double toughened glass a resistance 3.1 times that of ordinary double glass. Polished toughened sheets, of thickness varying from 0.006 meter to 0.013 meter, have a resistance 3.67 times as great as that of ordinary sheets of the same thickness, and the resistance of rough toughened sheets is 5.33 times that of ordinary rough sheets.

BALLOON SIGNALS.—A method of signalling from balloons has been devised by an Englishman, which consists in connecting a number of electric lamps in a balloon to the earth by means of a special form of flexible cable. Current can then be supplied the lamps from the ground through the cable and they can be be lighted or extinguished by a switch located on the ground. The advantage of this system over the older forms of war signalling balloons is that a small and readily portable balloon can be used, as it carries no car and all it is called upon to raise is simply the weight of the lamps and the attached cable.

Farm and Garden.

HORSES.—Insist that the smith who has only removed the team's shoes to sharpen them put the nails back in the old holes. Otherwise frequent sharpenings will weaken the hoof walls.

PLANTS.—To rid your plants of green fly and red spider, make carbolic soapsuds, and dip into it a flat camel's hair brush. Sweep this over the flies who will adhere to it and may be removed by dipping again in the soapsuds.

STOCK FOR PROFIT.—There is no stock in which a young man can invest a few dollars so safely, and be sure of such big returns, as brood sows. He should start with good stock and be sure to make a good reputation for his pigs. Then he will never lack customers at fair prices.

SHEEP.—If there is a weak ewe or one thin in flesh she should be put by herself. Put all the weak ones by themselves. When this is done they will gain, or at all events not run down if fed nourishing foods. The weak sheep will be knocked about by the strong ones and not get her portion.

INSECTS.—It has been suggested by some of the agricultural journals that in each fruit-growing section some competent man should have charge of the matter of spraying the trees and vines, in order to destroy insect pests. This would not prevent any enterprising fruit-grower from using other precautions or of spraying oftener, if he so desires, but it would be a safeguard against the negligent fruit-growers, who annually allow insects to be propagated to the injury of the crops of their neighbors.

A COLD SEEMS A SMALL AFFAIR.—Most people neglect it. Who minds it? Yet a Cold may turn to Consumption, and then follows almost certain death.—Better take a cold in time by using Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, the well known standard remedy for Coughs, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all Pulmonary Complaints, and your Cold will disappear, as well as all apprehension of danger.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 29, 1893.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
[IN ADVANCE.]

1 Copy One Year..... $2.00
2 Copies One Year..... 3.00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 6.00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, Check or Registered Letter.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Publication office, 725 Sansom St.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

Contributors must enclose stamps for return of MSS. in case of rejection. THE POST will not be responsible for them where this condition is not complied with. Always enclose postage for correspondence, or other business matter requiring separate reply, to insure response.

A WORD TO OUR READERS.

There is not a home in the country that would not be brightened and made more beautiful by the magnificent companion pictures offered as a premium by THE POST.

They represent, in the highest and most perfect style of pictorial art, "COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA," of which the original is owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y., and "THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS," original in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. These Pictures (size 21x28 inches each) are genuine oleographs in beautiful colors, printed on the thickest canvas paper and have the appearance of Oil Paintings, and certainly far surpass anything ever offered in this line. In all the history of art in this country there have never been offered to the public two such grand, artistic, and at the same time patriotic productions.

This latter mentioned picture is the reproduced model from which the new Columbian, United States 2-cent stamp was engraved. The stamp will give an idea of the figuring of the picture—although more than four hundred times smaller,—but nothing can convey an adequate notion of the beauty, variety and harmony of its magnificent coloring.

They are charming as works of art, educational, and, relating as they do to the discovery of our land, possess an all-round interest that makes them both desirable now and valuable as future mementoes and souvenirs. As a memorial of 1892—the year of the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus landing upon our shores—these pictures would not only be objects of beauty and admiration to the present generation, but also of regard and love in the eyes of those to come. No true Americans who love their country should be without these splendid art works in their homes.

Both pictures are sent to all who send $2.00 for a year's subscription in advance.

Of Natural Cruelty.

It is a grim subject, and timid folk may say that, if there is any such mystery, it had better not be discussed; but there is nothing to be gained by shirking a question because it is grisly if it leads one to probe the recesses of human nature in a kindly way.

The angelic theory of human tendencies falls through wherever it is tested by practical experience; and those who have seen the most of life under stress of varied conditions are most fully convinced that the foundation-layer of man's character is savagery, and that it has only been covered up by slow growths of morality. The most beautiful of recent popular growths is that of kindness; and we may hope that it will by-and-by overrun and clothe the rugged sternness of the original strata.

At present, look where one will, there appear signs of the savagery from which the race has sprung; and in no point is it more evident than in the love or tolerance of cruelty. This is especially seen where there is an approximation to a state of nature, as with children and those grown-up people who live a simple and uncultured life.

There may be some boys, and there are more girls, of specially sensitive nature who shrink from the sight of pain, and whose natural piety is a protection for whatever is weak that comes under their cares; but the impulses of the child which are not deflected from their natural course by moral training are, for the most part, towards destruction and cruelty. It treats living things in the same way as it treats the doll which it cuddles and then smashes on the floor with a crow of triumph.

It is the same innate delight in cruelty which makes a group of schoolboys taunt and nickname and persecute the one who would receive the largest share of their sympathy, were they strictly moral beings. In every class some miserable urchin may say of himself, "I am the tainted wether of the flock." And particularly does the fact of the unregenerate recklessness of the uncurbed lad come out too often in his treatment of animals.

The fact is that kindness, as we are beginning to understand it now, to "all things both great and small" is of modern growth, and it has not yet had time to run down cruelty in its long handicap.

If any one thinks this cruelty is overstated, let him read the horrifying statistics of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. There appears in that summary evidence of a numbness of moral sentiment which must stun the gentle minds of those who think that the unwritten page of the human heart is for the most part fair and clean—thousands of cases of such gross cruelty found out that convictions have been entered! Let us think what that would mean if the appalling total of undiscovered cases of purposeless torture could have been unearthed! Thousands of animals were in the course of a single year subjected to grievous maltreatment beyond the law's allowance. What need is there of further witness?

Well, it is all very dreary; but there is abundant cause for encouragement in that fact. If callousness to suffering is still found, it is better than the savage delight in pain for its own sake which once abounded like a lust, and which still abounds in the dark places of the earth and in a few unemancipated natures in civilized communities. The training from harshness and carelessness to gentleness and consideration can be effected in the child, for many a kind and honorable man can look back with abhorrence on his life as a youngster, when he was both cruel and untruthful. And the individual is but a picture of the race. Though cruelty grows up fresh and strong, weed-like, in the hearts of each generation of children, it is more speedily uprooted. Thousands of essays on kindness are examined every year by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. All this gentle dropping of mollifying influences as the rain from heaven must tell with increasing power.

There is no longer a riot of cruelty without the better portion of mankind responding with a shudder of disgust. The dripping head of a world's enemy would hardly be greeted now with delight as a trophy. The day of nerves is at hand, when men will begin to abhor for the sake of artistic sensibility what they may be ashamed to denounce for the sake of righteousness.

Cruelty, once natural, and still natural with those who are in the stage of simplicity, is becoming so unnatural to a large proportion of mankind, and especially of womankind, that they may be inclined to deny that the title of this article embodies a truth. It is a diminishing if not a disappearing fact that men are naturally cruel, because the tendency is overtaken by our training of the young before it has had time for expansion.

THE best of men appear sometimes to be a strange compound of contradictory qualities; and were the accidental oversights and folly of the wisest man, the failings and imperfections of a religious man, the hasty acts and passionate words of a meek man—were they to rise up in judgment against them, and an ill-natured judge to be suffered to mark in this manner what has been done amiss, what character so unexceptionable as to be able to stand before him?

A STATUE lies hid in a block of marble, and the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone; the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero—the wise, the good or the great man—very often lies hid or concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred, and have brought to light.

NEVER for a moment must we underrate the intentional benevolence that freely and gladly bestows whatever it possesses for the benefit of others, even at a sacrifice to self. The motive which prompts this course of conduct is the very kernel of social welfare, and, were it always prevalent in the hearts of men, most of the knotty social problems which now so frequently agitate the community would be instantly solved.

THOSE who have enough individuality to think for themselves earnestly and deeply find in that very exercise a happiness that is all their own. They may share it with others, and it may be heightened by sympathy, but it cannot be taken away. It opens a refuge from many troubles and helps one to bear many burdens.

THE only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives himself for principle. Words, money, all things else are comparatively easy to give away; but, when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him.

A HOUSE is no home unless it contains food and fire for the mind as well as for the body. For human beings are not so constituted that they can live without expansion. If they do not get it in one way, they must in another, or perish.

INQUIRE not too much into your bosom companion's griefs, nor compel him to tell all the tales of his life. Much and all will be told those that do not ask; and you shall have the secrets into which you do not pry.

FREE will is not the liberty to do whatever one likes, but the power of doing whatever one sees ought to be done, even in the very face of otherwise overwhelming impulse. There lies freedom indeed.

THE biting sarcasm and the cutting ridicule that give amusement to the unthinking and ill-disposed by their keen edge cut at the root of many an innocent person's happiness.

THE man who spends his life in "getting even" for real or supposed injuries is a torment to himself and generally a bore to his friends.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

C. R.—There is the trite instance of the first Napoleon, who snatched the crown out of the hands of the Pope, and placed it on his own head.

A. P.—London, Nankin and Pekin are the largest cities. Constantinople is not so large as Paris, which ranks next in size to London, amongst the cities of Europe. St. Petersburg contains more inhabitants than Moscow; and New York is the largest city in America.

E. NELLE.—Theology does not in any way fix the age of the world. The facts known to Science accord exactly with the statements in Scripture. The days of creation represent ages or epochs. The phrase evening and morning is figurative, and probably stands for a period of development.

J. C.—In the Roman calendar, the Ides meant the thirteenth day of each month except in March, May, July and October, in which months it was the fifteenth day. The Ides of March was the day on which Julius Cæsar was assassinated in the Senate House by Cassa, Brutus, and other conspirators, 44 B. C.

A. R. F.—The entire surface of the globe occupies about 200 millions of square miles, nearly three-quarters of which is covered by water; that is, the extent of the water is nearly three times as great as that of the land. The surface of the sea in the Southern Hemisphere is to that in the Northern in about the ratio of 13 to 9.

ANNA.—Well, then, for the one hundredth and first time, S. P. Q. R. means "The Roman senate and people," and was borne on the Roman standards as the name of the sovereign (V. R.) is on modern standards and housings, nay, even on the mail cart and police vans. The Latin word of which those letters are the initials are, "Senatus Populus Que Romani."

T. L. L.—Store your mind with knowledge, and that will provide you with the "capital" you seek; whether you will gain wisdom at the same time we cannot say.
Knowledge dwells in heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Remember this—a good listener is often more valued than a tongue that will run for ages without being wound up.

MISSIE.—To remove grease and dirt from cloth, place a piece of blotting paper under the article to be cleaned, then rub upon the spots some pure benzine. After the spot is removed continue to rub with a dry cloth until the benzine is evaporated. The object of putting the blotting paper under the garment is to avoid a circular stain which would otherwise be made. The benzine drives the grease through the cloth, and it is absorbed by the blotting paper.

C. H.—Your badly pimpled face is an evidence that your blood is impure. You cannot dry up the pimples without producing sickness. You must get rid of them gradually by doctoring yourself. Leave off eating greasy food, eat freely baked apples and fresh oranges. Bathe in warm salt water, and take a seidlitz powder occasionally. Then you can dry up the pimples by touching them with sulphur and fresh cream. If you live hygienically you will probably grow taller, but five feet two inches is not very petite for a girl of your age. Yes, Alma is a very pretty name.

E. M. D.—Although generally spoken of as a modern game, croquet seems to be really a modification of the sport with a mallet and ball which was popular in England in the days of Charles II., called pall-mall. This name suggests an Italian origin (palla, a ball, and maglio, a mallet), but the game was early in vogue in France, and from thence passed to England, probably in the beginning of the seventeenth century. It seems to have gone out of fashion early in the eighteenth century, and who resuscitated it in its modern form, and how it got the name it now bears, are questions which have not been answered.

A. M.—In 1830 a sewing machine was made in France by a man named Thimonnier, and a number of them were in use for sewing army clothing. They were broken up by a mob, but after some years others were made and put into use, and they were also destroyed. About 1833 Walter Hunt, living in New York, invented a machine, but did not get it patented. In 1845 Elias Howe, of Boston, made a machine which in many respects was like Hunt's machine, and had it patented in the following year. This was the first practical sewing machine, and from it have grown all the different kinds of machines now in use. To Howe, therefore, may be given the credit of being the inventor of the sewing machine.

LA B.—A gown and town row of old in England was a fight between the matriculated students of the different colleges of a university, Cambridge or Oxford, and the 'prentices and lower inhabitants of the town. How they began it is impossible to say, nor how long ago; probably on the very first settlement of the colleges in those towns. There is a natural antagonism between classes; thus there were fights between the High School boys of Edinburgh and the collegians of Glasgow and the citizen youth. And at King's College, London, the students are properly restrained from flaunting in their academic costume in the Strand and elsewhere. The gown and town rows have now degenerated into mere riots on the part of the roughs.

SHADOWS.

BY JAMES ROCK.

Shadows come and shadows go—
All the world is full of shadows;
Many hardly deem them so,
And pursue them two and two,
In the spring-time, through the meadows.

Love is not the only aim
All mankind are seen pursuing—
Pleasure, fortune, glory, fame;
Failing these, the quest renewing
After shadows, just the same.

Shadows come and shadows go;
Sorrow does not stay for ever;
Time rolls on with ceaseless flow,
Pleasures pass; but so does woe;
Go thy way, complaining never.

John Nelson's Luck.

BY C. L.

FOR the last few years the prosperity of the "Mitre Hotel" had been steadily on the increase, a fact which the neighbors declared was mainly due to the good management of Bessie Nelson, the landlord's wife, not that John himself admitted this to be the case, though he allowed that Bessie had proved herself to be both a good wife and a careful housekeeper, for John had an uncommonly high opinion not only of himself but of his doings.

One fine summer afternoon towards the end of June, just as the Cathedral clock had chimed the hour of four, John came into the small but pretty room where Bessie was seated with their only child, Daisy, who was a fair-haired little maiden of seven, with a face as sweet, fresh and innocent as the floweret whose name she bore.

Rubbing his hands together with an air of satisfaction as he entered John took up his stand before the fire, patted Daisy's head and remarked:

"We're in luck, Bess, again the blue room has been taken by Mr. Geoffrey Blake, a relation of Sir Peter's."

"But what brings him here when Sir Peter and all the family are abroad?"

"That's just what brings him, for the Hall is shut up. He's literary or something of that sort, and wants some drawings of the Cathedral to illustrate his work."

"And where have you put that dark, foreign-looking man that came this afternoon."

"Why, that's Mr. Blake, Bessie—he does look a bit foreign, now you come to mention it."

"I don't like his looks; John. Are you sure he's what he says? for he doesn't favor any of the Blake family that I've ever seen."

John at first laughed heartily at the idea of his being taken in, but when Bessie persisted in speaking doubtfully of the new comer, he got annoyed and answered so sharply that his wife, like a wise woman, said no more, for she saw that instead of doing good her words were but making John more obstinate in his opinion; but though silent on the subject, Bessie thought a good deal about their new guest, and a strange feeling of fear and aversion towards Mr. Blake took possession of her mind, and though she told herself it was a foolish feeling she could not shake it off; not that Bessie was a nervous or imaginative person, on the contrary, she was a sensible and practical woman with plenty of sound common sense, and the very last sort of person to indulge in nervous fancies.

"It is not fair to judge a man by his looks," she told herself, "and may be John is right when he says that this Mr. Geoffrey may take after his foreign mother." For though Bessie had come on her marriage a stranger to the place, she had learned since her arrival a great deal concerning the family history of the families in the neighborhood, and knew that a cousin of Sir Peter Blake's had married a Spanish lady.

John Nelson's wife had been a country-bred girl whom he had met, wooed and won, when on a holiday trip to the "West Countree," the daughter of a well-to-do farmer, who had sorely grudged his "helpful girl" to one whom he somewhat contemptuously looked upon as a "poor, town-bred fellow," but the girl herself had been on the side of the spruce, good-looking young townsman, and had left the old farm to take the place as mistress of the "Mitre Hotel," with a light heart; and her married life had proved a very happy one, for though John was not, perhaps, so great a hero in the eyes of the wife as he had been in those of the bride, he was a good husband, and fond and kind to his wife and child, and Bessie still loved him very dearly.

The next afternoon, as Mrs. Nelson was busy over her accounts, Mr. Blake appeared at the window of the little office, and raising his hat politely, said:

"May I trouble Madame to make out my little account to-day."

Although Mr. Blake was the son of an English gentleman, he not only looked but had many little foreign ways both of manner and speech.

"Are you leaving already, Sir," asked Bessie, trying not to let her voice betray the satisfaction she felt at this hope.

"No Madame, on the contrary I hope to stay some time longer in this your charming house and city, but it is a folbie, a whim, my little whim, to pay each day." As Mr. Blake said this, he produced an old, but well-filled pocket-book, which he opened, and taking from it a five-pound note placed it on the counter before Mrs. Nelson, adding as he did so, "Madame will oblige me much if she will ask her good husband to take it to the bank to see that it is all right." These last words were accompanied with a laugh, in which Bessie joined, though with a heightened color and a somewhat uncomfortable feeling of shame, for she fancied both from his words and the look he had given her in speaking them that he had in some way discovered the suspicions she entertained of him, and the thought flashed through her mind, "Can John have said anything?" as she stammered out:

"That is not necessary, Sir, I assure you."

"Yes, Madame, to oblige me—but ah! there is your good husband, my worthy host himself."

When John heard what had passed between his wife and guest, he gave the former an angry look, which Bessie, remembering her suspicions, accepted meekly enough, then took the five-pound note as desired, and went off to the bank, where it was pronounced to be quite genuine.

For the next few days the same thing happened. Mr. Blake each afternoon asked for his bill, and tendered a five-pound note in payment, with the request that it should be taken to the bank before he would accept the change due.

This conduct soon aroused John's curiosity, and one evening, when waiting upon Mr. Blake at his late dinner, he asked him the reason of this peculiar proceeding.

"I'd tell you, but though your wife is quite charming, she is a woman. And, oh, my friend, 'these tell-tale women,' you and I know them well."

"Bessie is a woman who knows how to hold her tongue, Sir."

"You're a lucky man, Nelson, but sit down my friend and we'll drink to the health of the fair sex."

This invitation John at once accepted, and feeling sure from Mr. Blake's manner more than from his words that he had discovered Bessie's dislike to himself, said by way of excuse, "You see, Sir, my wife is country-bred, and had not seen much of the world until she married." Mr. Blake made no answer to this beyond a meaning smile, then turned the conversation, but John soon returned to the subject.

"I'll trust you, my friend," exclaimed Mr. Blake in a burst of confidence, "for like myself you're a man of the world and above all petty prejudices." John smiled, well pleased at the words, for he liked to be considered "a man of the world," then answered in rather a pompous manner, "I hope so, Sir," adding the next moment, "Set your mind at rest about my wife, your confidences shall go no farther than here," striking his breast with his right hand as he spoke.

"You're right Nelson, for, as you, being country-bred she is naturally prejudiced." Now, though John had certainly said the former, he had not the latter words, still he did not contradict the speaker, who, after filling up his host's glass and then his own, leant back in his chair and said quietly, "The reason I asked you to take those notes to the bank was that I made them myself."

At these words John's face became a picture of astonishment, and he gasped out:

"Impossible!"

"You seem surprised," said Mr. Blake, with a low laugh of amusement.

"But it is forgery—felony—punishable by the law."

"It is all those things, I believe."

For a few minutes there was silence, then Mr. Blake leant forward and lightly touched John Nelson on the arm and said, in a low, clear voice:

"Listen, my friend; my father was not a rich man, as you know, nor was his son, myself, so as I had to do something I became an artist. I loved my work—I love all art—but, alas, my master said I lacked originality, I was but a mere copyist. I was crushed utterly by the disappointment, but not for long, being a man of the world. I faced the blow and resolved to cultivate the talent I possessed, to become great by it, to become rich, and I have. I copied with success, in the manner which you have seen and tested." This was all spoken rapidly, then, once more leaning back in his chair, he added lightly, "There, you have had the whole story."

John gazed at the speaker as one fascinated, then asked:

"Have you had no difficulty—no fear?"

"Not the least. Not the slightest, until I came here."

"Here?" echoed John.

"Yes, when you handled the note with suspicion, when you exchanged glances with your wife; but, clever as you are, friend Nelson, you were not able to impose on me," added Mr. Blake lightly, and with a little laugh of self-satisfaction.

"Indeed you are wrong, I had no suspicion; the look you noticed was one of reproof."

"But why? What had the good wife done to need reproof?"

"Well, she doubted of your really being old Mr. Ralph Blake's son, and I was afraid that she might have let you see her suspicion."

"You were right, as usual, Nelson, for I did see that her sentiments were not friendly, but"—this with a shrug of his shoulders—"the reason of her insular prejudice was unknown to me then as it is now."

"It was because you don't take after the family, sir, but Bessie sees her mistake now, and is ashamed of herself, I am glad to say."

"Ah, these fair countrywomen of yours, how narrow-minded they are; but with you it was different, you have traveled, you know the ways of the world, and you saw the signora when she was here."

"No, sir, I did not see her when she came to visit at the Hall."

"That was a pity," answered Mr. Geoffrey Blake, with a long-drawn sigh, "for I am like my poor mother, and she did not come a second time, for she did not love England, it was so cold, so grey, after the bright, sunny South."

"Yes, I heard that she did not care for the climate here."

Mr. Blake made no answer, but busied himself in lighting a cigarette, then offered the case to John, who was deep in "troubled thought," and, with a gloomy shake of the head, declined the offer. The next moment, however, he exclaimed:

"I wish to Heaven you had not told me, for it's compounding a felony, that's what it is."

Mr. Blake looked at the speaker with an amused smile, then said airily:

"Speak my friend, then, if it eases your mind. I have no fear. I am a master in my profession."

"No, I can't speak, for you are Sir Peter's relative, and bear his name, but for all that I wish I had never known the truth."

"Then forget, it, bury it in your own mind, as if it had never been."

"There are some things that you can't get rid of like that, and this is one of them."

"You are a strange people, you English; so bold in some things like your own lion, in others timid as a hare. But look here, my friend, I see that my little story has disturbed you for me and for my safety, but I will put your fears to rest; to-morrow you and I will go to B——," mentioning the name of a large and busy town in the neighborhood, "there you will take one of my notes to the great bank, where you are not known and respected as here, you will say you have your doubts, and see what they will say."

"Aren't you afraid?"

"Me! No, I defy detection; I laugh at your fears."

"And you will come with me?"

"Of course I will. I will enter with you, I will stand by your side, and when we hear what the man says we will come out and laugh together."

John agreed to this proposal, then rose and left the room, but at the door he turned and looked back to see Mr. Blake, who had also risen, leaning against the window, and softly stroking his short black beard, as he gazed down upon something or someone in the garden below, with a look of interest.

"Well, if his story is true, the man must have a nerve of iron, or feel very sure of his own powers, he has put himself in my power, and yet he doesn't show any fear."

As this thought passed through John's mind Mr. Blake looked round, and, as their eyes met, beckoned to the landlord with a smile, who went forward and saw that the someone whom Mr. Blake had been watching was his little Daisy, who had been talking what she called "a good-night run around the garden."

Pointing to the child Mr. Blake said softly:

"Some day I hope to gather to my heart a little English home-flower also, and for her sake, my friend, I must work; for ourselves, we can bear poverty and want, but for such as they——"

This evidence of feeling on the part of his guest quite touched the landlord, and with a "Right, Mr. Blake, you're right there," he once more went towards the door, and this time was not beckoned to return.

For the rest of that evening John was so very thoughtful and absent in manner that Bessie grew anxious, and her fears did not lessen when, the next morning, her husband started off in company with Mr. Blake, and without having told his wife where they were going; all that he would say was, that they would not return until late in the afternoon.

When they did return John was no longer thoughtful and absent, but restless and excited, and in such high spirits that Bessie feared he had been drinking, a fault that her husband had never been guilty of before, for John was a very temperate man; but when she hinted this to him, instead of being angry, he only laughed uproariously, and snatching Daisy up in his arms, asked the child "how she would like to be a rich and grand lady."

"Don't put such foolish notions in her head, John," said the mother hastily, "she must learn to work for her living as her father and mother, and theirs too, have done before her."

"Who knows that they will have to do that all their days? My luck has come at last, Bessie."

"If it has come with that shifty Mr. Blake, who you're so taken up with all of a sudden——"

"Who said it had anything to do with him?" he interrupted sharply and suspiciously. "What's he got to do with me."

"No good, I'm sure. I can't bear the man, though he does pay so regular. If it wasn't for the bank taking the notes, I'd believe they weren't genuine."

To Bessie's astonishment, John at these words sprang forward, and shaking his fist in her face, said in a voice tremulous with rage:

"How dare you insinuate such a thing as that? Do you know what you are saying, woman?"

"Oh, John, I didn't mean any harm, it's only to you I'd say it Don't be in such a taking about a little thing like that."

"A little thing, you call it. Never let me hear those words pass your lips again."

"How strange you've become, John," but her husband did not wait to hear what she was saying. He left the room, and when she was alone Bessie took the child in her arms and burst into tears, which so frightened little Daisy that she began to sob in company, while she pleaded. "Don't cry, mammy, don't cry. The nasty black man will soon go away"—by which term Daisy, who had taken as great a dislike to Mr. Blake as had her mother, always called their half-foreign guest.

Two days later Bessie was told that Mr. Blake was not well, and did not wish to be disturbed that afternoon.

"He has got a headache and is going to have a rest," said John, "so unless he rings don't go up and disturb him."

"I won't even if he does ring. Why John, you always wait on him yourself."

"Yes, but I can't to day, for I am going to B—— on business."

"At this time of day! What train will you get back by?"

"By the 9.45 train, and I must be off at once or I won't get back by then."

An hour later Bessie, who was in a restless, suspicious mood, for John had refused to tell her what the business was that took him away in this sudden manner, heard the door of Mr. Blake's room open, and went out to see what was wanted, if anything, and meeting that gentleman face to face, asked:

"Are you better, sir?"

"Not much," passing his hand wearily over his forehead. "The pain is still so great; and the heat so overpowering, that I think a stroll through the quiet lanes will refresh me."

"Won't you have anything before you go out, sir?"

"Nothing, madame, thank you, until I return in a short half-hour."

"Shall I send that parcel for you to the

station *or* post?" looking at one Mr. Blake held under his arm, but this offer was declined, Mr. Blake saying that he would have to pass the station on his way to the shady lanes he meant to visit.

But the "short half-hour" passed, and another and another, and yet Mr. Blake did not return, nor had he made his appearance when John came home.

"Gone!" he exclaimed on hearing Bessie's tale, "impossible!" and his face grew ghastly white as he spoke. Pushing his wife roughly aside, John ran upstairs; first into the sitting-room he went, then into the blue room, both of which were empty, but on the dressing-table of the latter was a folded paper, which John opened with trembling fingers and read:

"Adieu, friend Nelson. May all good-luck attend you."

With a groan John dropped the paper, and sank into the nearest chair.

"What is the matter, John, what ails you?" asked Bessie, who had followed her husband into the room.

"He has gone, Bessie, and we are ruined."

"No, dear, no," she answered consolingly, picking up the paper and reading its contents. "Even if he has gone without paying his last bill, it is but a small one. It won't hurt us."

"I'm a ruined man, Bessie—and disgraced, too. God forgive me."

Bessie without a word crossed the room, and turned the key in the lock to make sure of not being disturbed, then, coming back to her husband's side, knelt down, and winding her arms round him, drew his head on her breast and whispered:

"Tell me all, dear, and whatever it be, we will bear it together."

These words were spoken by the brave, true wife in a steady voice, but her face was white, and her eyes full of trouble and dread of what she was to hear.

"I'm not worthy, Bess, for I've been a scoundrel as well as a fool," he said, striving, though only in a half-hearted fashion, to push her away from him, but Bessie's arms only clung the tighter at this confession.

"It was for the worse as well as for the better, dear husband," she whispered softly, "that I became your wife, so whatever the trouble be, it is my right to know and help you."

So John told her all the story of his weakness, his temptation and sin, for when he found that the bank note, which Mr. Blake averred he had made himself, was accepted by the bank at B——, after the closest examination, as genuine, he had listened to the voice of the tempter, who, seeing the man's vanity and weakness, had played upon it so skilfully that John's cupidity had been aroused.

"We'll soon become rich men, Nelson."

"But how soon?" asked John, "for the affair is terribly risky."

"Not the slightest, as you have proved to-day for yourself—but, of course, the length of time is what you choose to make it."

"I choose to make it."

"Yes, for it is as easy for me to turn out notes for a larger amount, as to make those you have already tested. Only let me have a one, two, three or even four hundred-pound note to study for twenty-four hours, and the thing is done."

"But the risk would be greater," said John, whose eyes glittered with desire and greed of gain at this speech.

"Very little; indeed not any, if a man as well known and highly respected as you, were to offer them. Why, Nelson, with a few hundreds in hand, you could leave your present hum-drum quarters and start on a big scale in London or Paris. Why, in a couple of years you would be worth your thousands."

This was not the first time by many that Mr. Blake had alluded to the want of opportunity a man of talent and energy had at the quiet, steady-going "Mitre," and John had not only listened, but had come to think the same thing; so, dazzled at the prospect held out before him, ere the dinner was eaten and the champagne, that Mr. Blake insisted upon providing, had been drunk, John agreed to enter into partnership with his clever and unscrupulous companion.

Though Nelson had a good and improving business, he had as yet put little put aside, all his profits of the last year or two having been spent on the improvements of the house, which had become necessary by lapse of time; so to obtain the notes, he had to borrow them, giving as security the lease and good-will of his business. That very morning only, he had received the notes, four in number, but to the value of six hundred and fifty pounds. These, he had at once handed over to Mr. Blake, who, on receiving them, had said:

"You shall repay the money, Nelson, on Friday morning at latest. But now, my friend, take my advice, you are agitated, excited, your hand trembles so, that your good wife will see and wonder, and ask questions, which you must not answer yet—so take a little holiday, try once more at B——, at another bank, if this note is good," putting into John's hands another of the "spurious notes" as he spoke, and adding with a hearty laugh, "Good, of course, they'll say it is, for you and I, friend Nelson, know what fools some of these good fellows are."

John had taken both the note and the advice, and gone to B——, only to find, on his return, that he had been the dupe of a scoundrel—for the five-pound notes had been genuine enough, merely used as a bait for the bigger fish the so-called Mr. Geoffrey Blake had played for and won.

"Six hundred pounds, Bess, and more, has that scoundrel robbed me of, and all borrowed money, too."

The loss of the money was the smallest evil in Bessie's eyes, to whom the knowledge that her husband had been not merely vain and foolish, but actually guilty of crime, in intention if not indeed—for he had believed that the notes he took to the bank and passed as genuine were in reality forgeries—was a deep and bitter grief to the loyal and loving wife, but she never uttered one word of blame or reproach, for she saw that John had received a never-to-be-forgotten lesson, and the hard work and self-denial in the years that followed, which both had to practise to clear the debt that John had laid on their shoulders by his sin and weakness, taught him daily to be more humble, and less vain and trustful of himself; taught him also that the only way to success and happiness is for each one to do his duty honestly in his own allotted path of life.

Another thing John also learned from his intercourse with Mr. Blake, was never again to boast, or even talk of his luck, as he had once been much given to do. And if anyone ever spoke the word in his hearing, his invariable answer was:

"Luck is but a fickle jade to trust in, as I have found out to my cost."

My Lion.

BY T. STANLEY.

FOR the first time in my life—nearly seventeen years and a quarter I was alone in the wide, wide world—to be precise, in that bit of it which lies between the Paddington station and Bath. I had all but missed the train, so that my uncle had only time to hurry me into a first-class carriage, wherein a solitary lady was already seated, and to give me a solemn injunction to get aunt Margery to telegraph when I "turned up all right," before the train flashed away.

"All right?" Of course I should be all right! I should think, at seventeen and nearly a quarter, I might be trusted to take care of myself during a three hours' journey, the more so as my uncle had "put me in at one end," and my aunt would "take me out at the other."

As soon as I had arranged myself and my belongings comfortably in my corner, I took a survey of my fellow-passenger—a grim iron-gray old woman in an exasperating bonnet, who was looking, not daggers—that is much too pointed and brilliant a smile—but rusty nails of the jaggedest description, at my poor little hat; such an attractive one as it was too, with the most piquant little wax-wing imaginable brooding over it with outstretched wings. For my part, I think, when one has a pretty face, it is wicked to spoil it by a dowdy hat. I should have attracted much more attention if I had worn an exasperating extinguisher like my fellow traveler's with an aggravating bow at the top—and besides Tom would not have liked it.

I was rapidly losing my temper—it was too provoking. Here was somebody evidently just as ready to find fault and take care of me as anybody at home. My only comfort was a hope that she might get out at the next station, or all events at some distance from Bath. Ah, how little I knew what was coming, or I should have felt glad to have had her glaring twice as grimly from the opposite seat!

"Traveling alone?"

"Yes." What an unnecessary question, I thought.

"You are much too young and too pretty to be permitted to do so."

I meekly answered that my youth and prettiness were "faults" over which I had no control, and hinted at the possibility that time might be expected to cure both, if only I lived only enough.

She smiled—yes, really; not a bad smile, either.

"While waiting for that, you should have somebody to take care of you."

"Take care of me!" I exclaimed, with a little shudder of disgust. "I am quite able to take care of myself—indeed, I am tired of being taken care of! I am almost worn out. Besides, I have been at two garden parties, and have long left the schoolroom" (with dignity).

"My dear, the schoolroom would be the best place for you the next half-dozen years. I must leave you at the next station, but I will tell the guard to look after you. You will learn in time how good a thing it is to be cared for. Una without her lion would never get safely through this world."

The train stopped; I helped her to gather all her bags and rugs. "Good-bye, my dear; your little face has made the day look brighter to an old woman; so you have my leave to keep it unchanged as long as you can," and she actually patted my cheek with a kind old hand as she passed out.

I watched her take her place in a little basket-carriage that was waiting for her—watched the old bald-headed man-servant stand, hat in hand, evidently giving her all the story of life at home in her absence—and felt sorry, as I returned her good-bye nod, when the carriage moved out of sight down a shady country road. I followed her in fancy to a flowery country home, where I felt sure that she lived cosily with old servants, quaint furniture, and old pet dogs, cats, and birds. How little I then thought that one day I should —— But I forget; we must not anticipate, as real authors say—that must come in its own place; I had not even seen Tom then.

The train had stopped at a quiet little station, and was just beginning to move on past the roses and hollyhocks, when the door suddenly swung open, and a man jumped in. One glance satisfied me that he would not improve on acquaintance. Tom has told me since that he was a "cad"; and, if a "cad" is an odious, vulgar, red-haired person, with unwashed hands covered with coarse rings, a sky-blue satin tie, and an overpowering odor of bad tobacco—I know the difference quite well, for Tom never smokes any but the very best Manilas, and I quite enjoy the smell—then most decidedly he was rightly designated.

I saw all this at a single glance, as one does sometimes, and bent steadily over my book, wishing that the hour which would bring me to dear aunt Margery was over. Presently I was reading something so amusing that I had forgotten everything besides. The train had left the little station far behind, and was going at full speed, when suddenly a horrid voice close to my ear made me start, and I looked up to see the "cad's" hideous face close to mine—such a wicked leering face!

"Take off that veil, miss; I'm sure a whiff of fresh air will do you good. This carriage is awfully muggy"—that was the creature's very expression—"muggy"! "Besides, it's desperate bad for your eyes to read through that speckled stuff."

Without replying I bent my head lower over my book, but the letters were getting confused, and my heart was beating with fright.

"Poor little thing! Deaf is she?" and he took the seat opposite and leaned across, so that I had to shrink into my corner to avoid his touch. Poor little Una needed her lion now.

"Bad for the eyes, miss; and such shiners as yours are too good to be wasted on that stupid book. Give a fellow a peep at them;" and his great red hand advanced towards my veil.

I could only cower into my corner with a great cry of terror—one hopeless call on "Uncle," knowing the while how far away he was, and how unconscious of his poor little Polly's trouble.

In putting up his hand to my veil the man touched me, and the touch, slight as it was, roused a fury of anger such as I had never felt before, and I hope I shall never feel again: it gave me back my voice.

"You shall not! How dare you! You must not touch me—uncle will kill you!"

The man laughed at my puny rage.

"Kill me for taking care of you! If he does not wish others to fill his place, he should look after you better, and not send you out alone. I tell you, you had better be civil, or——"

He drew out a large clasp-knife as he spoke, and began deliberately to open it, looking at me, all the while. It was come at last; I should never—never see home again! One flash of thought, which seemed in a second to take in all my past, with its little discontents, naughtinesses, and great happiness—my aunt's anguish when she found me lying dead, uncle's opening of the telegram which would bring the news—the darkened home, the broken hearts which would surely carry till they died the remembrance of the dreadful fate of their wilful, but oh! their loving darling—all this occurred so vividly to me that, with a great cry for help to Heaven, I fell at the man's feet and entreated him not to kill me.

"Kill you! I thought it was your uncle who was to kill me! Bless your little heart, I am going to take care of you. You look pale. Now didn't you come off in too great a hurry to have time for breakfast? Have a bit of luncheon"—stooping to take a black bag from under the seat. "I always go about provided with something good. I'm a soft-hearted boy, I am, and never see a fine young woman suffer if I can help it. Peck a bit now—do; you have a hungry look."

What should I—must I—do? I sat up, and said, as steadily as I could, choking back the tears—for I would not cry before him—"I am not hungry; I will not eat. Do not speak to me any more. You must not—I am a lady."

"A lady! I know that. Do you think I'd be so good to you if you were not? I know a lady when I see her—and a hungry lady, too, I know you was. Come, peck a bit. Don't be bashful."

By this time he had unlocked the bag, and taken from it—yes, it may appear improbable, but oh! it is dreadfully true—a turnip—a great unboiled turnip—a turnip still covered with the soil of the field from which the wretch had taken it! He began to scrape and pare it while I looked on.

Was he mad? I would try to please him, and do as he wished, and then perhaps he would not hurt me. I should soon be with my aunt now; and at that thought I felt the tears coming again, but opened my eyes widely and bit my lips hard—the tears must not fall. I crushed them back, and sat watching my companion till, having peeled the turnip to his satisfaction, he cut off a thick slice and handed it to me. Raw turnip! And touched by those fingers!

"Come, take it, my beauty—a peach ripe and downy as your own cheek. Peaches is dear, too, this season; but I give no heed to that. If so be as I find a pretty girl to eat 'em, I don't grudge the money. Come, peck away; or do you want me to feed you? No, you sha'n't have it without 'Thank you.' After all my trouble, that ain't manners," with a significant look at the knife.

"Thank you!" I said eagerly. I took the slice of turnip—I began to eat it—yes, I ate it all, every mouthful making me feel more ill. Another slice was offered: I took it, and began to eat, but my throat seemed to be closing—I could not swallow.

"Come, finish it. Good, ain't it? The ladies are always fond of a bit of fruit. Don't be bashful—I have something here for you to wash it down. Nothing like a drop of brandy to make it agree with you;" and he touched the neck of a black bottle which stuck out of his pocket.

What would become of me? I had once seen a dreadful woman for a few minutes at home—a new cook she was, who was—oh! so frightful. Nurse told me that she had taken brandy and was drunk. I had thought her mad. If he made me drink it, and if, when aunt Margery found me, I—but no, this I would not do; he might kill me first! I went on eating the turnip, and all the while I prayed earnestly for rescue. Was my prayer answered? The train began to slacken its speed—it stopped; but there was no station in sight—I think it was a siding or something of that kind.

At the side of the carriage where I was sitting there was a steep bank which shut out all hope; at the other side were several lines of rail; beyond was the open country. In an instant my torturer was at my window; with an oath he commanded me to "be still, and stay where I was." I heard some one pass, and, in reply to a question, I suppose, say that we had been shunted to allow a special train to go by—it would pass in three minutes. I called, but very faintly, I am afraid, for no one answered, and the "cad" turned on me so fiercely that I dared not try again.

The special train swept by, but I hardly saw it—my eyes, my whole soul were fastened on the figure of a man who just then came down the green bank which was at some distance. I pressed my face to the glass: which way would he take? He stood for a moment, and then slowly, lazily sauntered towards me. The glass was up—my only hope was that he would pass

close and see me, for I was past calling or moving now. I noted every trifling detail of his figure and dress; he was a tall broad-shouldered gentleman dressed in light gray, young, and with a long golden beard; even the carnation in his buttonhole I observed, and the strength and careless ease of his figure as he lounged along. He stopped to whistle to his dogs, and then again strolled on, idly twirling his cane.

I do not know what kind of face was pressed to the glass on my side—it was a wild and scared one I am sure; but in another minute a pair of great merry blue eyes carelessly glanced up in passing, and were startled into earnestness by the eyes they encountered: the whistle sounded, but, even as it did, a strong man was on the door-handle, the door was wrenched open, the train moved on—he was beside me. I was safe!

I don't know what happened then. My deliverer says that I cried, and held one of his hands tight in both of mine; but that I don't believe. In the first place, we had never been introduced, and, in the second, two of his fingers, are about as much as my two hands can contain at once. I know, when I grew calmer, that I found him taking care of me, and that I did not dislike it as much as one might have expected. I don't remember how I told him all; I suppose the turnip and knife, which still lay on the seat, helped me a little; but I do know that he told me "not to be frightened, for he would not throw the scoundrel from the window as he deserved"—and he looked so fierce and so strong that I could quite imagine it was a habit of his to throw scoundrels from windows, and that he rather liked it. What he did was to take the creature by the collar, and forced him down on his knees, in spite of his piteous protestations that "he never meant to hurt the lady—it was only a lark; he would not have done it for a ten-pun note, not if he had known."

"Hold your tongue. Swallow this; and think yourself lucky to escape six months on the treadmill. For the lady's sake, I will not prosecute you, and I'll not break every bone in your body, as I should like to do, as it might annoy her to see it done. But you'll eat this to the last morsel—mud and all! I should say it is not the only dirt you will have to swallow in your life! Down with it!" And when the last atom had disappeared, my deliverer, with a parting shake, flung the creature into a corner, where he lay till the train stopped, and turned to "take care" of me again.

I almost shrank from the stern face to which I now raised my eyes, but it softened in a moment, and I lay back in my corner, and rested silently and thankfully, while he interposed his broad shoulders between me and the other end of the carriage, till the train again stopped and I saw aunt Margery's dear old face on the platform.

I am sure that she wondered at the eagerness of my clasp and at my face, which I felt was still white and scared; I made a little motion towards my deliverer, but could not speak a word. He said a few words, and gave his card to my aunt, who accepted it and the situation as graciously as she does everything, but looked rather anxious to get me safely to the carriage and home, and in five minutes we were driving away.

"What did he do for you, darling?"

"Oh, he was so strong and good to me—and he made him eat the whole turnip, auntie!"

"The whole turnip! You are ill, Polly. Come, we won't talk or think of it now;" and she quieted and petted me, evidently thinking that I had lost my wits, until I was lying on the sofa in her dressing-room, able to tell her all.

Well, that was my first and only attempt at "taking care of myself." I never want to try to do so again; Tom takes care of me now—of course you understand that it was he who came to my deliverance. Aunt wrote to him that very evening, and my father came down from London next morning on purpose to call on and thank him; then Tom called, and so—and so—the end of my story, or perhaps I should say the real beginning of it, is that I am his wife now.

At first I did think it a pity that my husband should be only "Tom," when I had always intended to marry at least three syllables, as I am merely "Polly;" but now I think Tom the most charming name in the world, and could not change it.

I have only one thing more to tell. The odd old lady with the disagreeable bonnet is Tom's aunt. I am writing this in her house, which is just what I had fancied it—and she is the dearest and kindest old woman in England.

"Una has found her Lion," she says.

I don't think I am much like Una; but Tom is a darling old Lion, with his tawny beard and splendid strength, on which his little wife loves to lean. I hear him calling "Polly!" from the lawn, where he lies lazily, puffing his cigar under the cedars; and, as he can growl on occasion, if I keep his majesty waiting too long, I had better go.

"Coming, Lion!"

ABOUT THE THUMB.

Were it left to the ladies to decide the relative importance of the five fingers, the pride of place would certainly be accorded to the fourth finger, as the bearer of the outward sign of wifehood. Granting that honorable privilege to be sufficient to entitle the fourth finger to rank above its fellow, it is a question if it rightly enjoys the privilege.

It has been contended that the master-finger was originally the recipient of the badge of matrimony, chiefly, if not entirely, on the evidence of Tom D'Urfey and Samuel Butler—the first-named writing of courtship so fast and furious that

> Ere three days about were come,
> The ring was put upon the thumb,

and Butler decrying the abolishing of

> That tool of matrimony, a ring,
> With which the unmonotified bridegroom
> Is married only to a thumb.

But then he goes on:

> The bride to nothing but he will.
> Which nulls the after marriage still.

which may be read to mean that the thumb-ringing ceremony was merely the preliminary one of formal betrothal.

In the other case, it does not follow that if the ring was put upon the thumb, it stayed there; since the old marriage ritual prescribed that the ring should be put upon the thumb at the words, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow;" placed in turn upon the second, third, and fourth finger, on which it finally remained.

Southey tells us that in the time of the first two Georges, ladies transferred the wedding-ring to the thumb after the ceremony, and that it is represented so worn in portraits of the period.

He might have gone farther back. The heroine of Southerne's "A Maid's Last Prayer" declares of a lover: "Marry him I must, and wear my wedding-ring on my thumb, too, I am resolved;" from which it may reasonably be inferred that to do so was rather the whim of the few than the habit of the many.

Portraits of Elizabethan dames wearing their wedding rings upon their thumbs are said to be extant. Possibly the rings were not wedding rings, ringing the thumb being an old feminine fashion.

It was upon that member of the hand Chaucer's Canace carried her wonder-working hoop; and a mummy-case in the British Museum bears a representation of an Egyptian lady, the thumbs of whose crossed hands are each encircled by a ring.

In the days of Queen Anne, according to the Spectator, the feminine thumb-ring was the badge of widowhood; and women tired of single-blessedness were wont to don it, and, as "jolly widows," achieve conquests denied to them as spinsters.

Men's thumb-rings are no rarities to collectors. Some of the Roman specimens must have been cumbrous wear, one in the Montfaucon collection, bearing the bust of Trajan's consort, Plotina, measuring over three inches across. Mediæval churchmen of high degree did not allow "the largest, first and shortest of the fingers" to go unadorned.

A massive gold ring was found upon the thumb of the supposed skeleton of Hilary, Bishop of Chichester, who died in 1169; and the recumbent effigy of Bishop Oldham, in Exeter Cathedral, is remarkable for the pressed-together thumbs being enclosed by a single ring.

When the shrine of St. Thomas-a-Becket was robbed of its treasures, the famous archbishop's thumb-ring, given to him by the King of France, graced with a ruby the size of a hen's egg, found its way to the thumb of bluff King Hal; and as the humor of the king is always voted just the thing, we may be sure the royal hand was not the only one so decked at court.

Mayors and aldermen imitated their betters. "When I was about thy years, Hal," says the Fat Knight, "I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into an alderman's thumb-ring;" and that the wearing of thumb-rings was pretty general in the seventeenth century is proved by Brome's remark that a good man in the city carried nothing rich about him but the gout and a thumb-ring; and for an example nearer our own day, it may be noted that Dr. Thomas Chalmers wore a thumb-ring once belonging to his great-great great grandfather.

Would-be hypnotisers should avoid trying conclusions with persons possessing longer-jointed thumbs than their own, for, if there is any truth in palmistry, the strength of one's will depends upon the formation of the thumb; the will-power of its owner being great or little according to the length or want of length of its upper joint.

How the thumbs of Roman holiday-makers were formed mattered nothing to the defeated gladiator, whose fate hung upon their being bent forwards or backwards, a method of decreeing life or death to which, perhaps, we owe a man at another's mercy being said to be under his thumb.

The Irish hero, Fingal, had the felicity to be under his own thumb, that member serving him as a danger-signal, aching in a peculiar way whenever trouble impended, when he had only to put it in his mouth to become immediately instructed how to overcome the difficulty of the hour.

So, by the pricking of her thumbs telling her "something wicked this way comes," did the weird sister know of Macbeth's approach before the ears caught his footfall.

When a new member was initiated into the Westphalian Vehmgerichte, and swore to keep the secrets of the society from wife and child, father and mother, sister and brother, from fire and sword, from the things warmed by the sun or nourished by the rain, he did so with the thumb and two fingers of his right hand upon the cross hilt of a sword. An oath so taken was held irrevocable, and not to be annulled by even the Pope himself. In olden times, it was the pressure of the thumb upon the wax of a document's seal that made the deed a valid and binding instrument, and in verbal contracts the thumb ratified the bargain. Goths and Iberians completed an agreement by licking and joining their thumbs, as Moslemen once did, and Moors still do; and rustic lovers once betrothed themselves by licking their respective master-fingers and then pressing them together, as they vowed to remain faithful to each other for ever and a day. Even now an Ulster man signifies his assent to a proposition with, "We may lick thooms upo' that!" If he does not suit the action to the word like the lieutenant, who, in 1614, on being challenged to mortal combat by his own sergeant, accepted the duel by licking his thumb, saying, "There is my parole for it."

CENSORIOUSNESS.—The most conspicuous peculiarity in the censorious mind is that it never makes any allowance for condition of circumstances which a humane and liberal mind would feel to be somewhat palliative of the error. It is itself the standard for all moral actions. What it feels it would not or should not do, no other person should do. The ardent and thoughtless impulses of youth—the misfortune of an education wanting in control and guidance—are never taken into account. It would be quite in vain to put in as a defence that, for example, poverty is greatly the cause of the offense. In their own comforts they cannot imagine what it is to be pressed by want and temptation; nor, if they could, would they be willing to admit any such excuse. If they reason at all upon the matter, it appears to them that admitting such excuses is only an encouragement to others to go and do likewise. But the fact is, they have it not in their natures to so far pity a fellow-creature as to allow for extenuating consideration of any kind.

CHARY OF PRAISE.—There are some persons who from a mistaken view of consequences, are always chary of praise. They fancy it will puff up with conceit the one thus favored, or lead him to think that he needs no further improvement in that particular direction. So their children or their dependents go on from day to day, unconscious of any pleasure their efforts may afford, uncheered by any kindly encouragement, uninspired by the thought or hope of giving satisfaction. No greater mistake could be made. It is like the mechanic who consigns to idleness one of his most efficient tools. There may be some mature, well-poised, self-contained men and women who can pursue their chosen tasks and live their own lives independent of what is said or thought of them; but the large majority of people and especially the young, need the continual encouragement of human sympathy, expressed in terms of pleasure and satisfaction, in order to keep their energies alive and to stimulate them to renewed effort.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The pickets on the left at Sharpsburg, in front of Jackson's corps, were in the habit of shooting at each other until a rebel shouted to a Federal and asked him to agree not to shoot, to which the Yankee assented; but in a short time Johnny cried out: "Say, Yank, tell the man on your left not to shoot; would just as lief be shot by you as by him." So the word passed from man to man till not a gun was fired on the picket line.

Some of the revelations of the census will startle a good many people. For instance, there are now more than 500,000 almond trees bearing in the United States; there are hundreds of thousands of bearing cocoanut trees; there are more than 250,000 olive trees, producing fruit equal to the best Mediterranean varieties. There are more than 500,000 bearing banana plants, 200,000 bearing lemon trees, 4,000,000 orange trees and 21,000,000 pineapples.

The passion for gambling finds many forms of expression in Spain. A dealer in watches in Madrid makes each box of his wares, which are sold for a cent, a ticket in the lottery. The boxes are labelled "Light and Money. The holder of this box is entitled to participate in the ticket number so-and-so of the National Lottery of such and such a day." Each box is numbered, and the purchaser becomes interested, willy nilly, in the ensuing drawing.

A close scrutiny of the new Columbus half dollar reveals, on the collar surrounding the head of the famous discoverer, a small, but well defined letter "B." By the aid of a microscope, or even a small magnifying glass, it is easily distinguishable, and after it has once been located by the aid of the glass, can be plainly discerned by the naked eye. The letter is very small and is located on the extreme edge of the collar, almost over, and slightly to the left of the letter "U" in the word "Columbian." It is exactly similar in the size and design to the letters placed on silver dollars to designate the mint at which they were coined. Just what the "B" on the Columbian coin is intended for is not known.

Numismatist, who delights in studying the face of the American dollar, announces that it "presents upon the obverse side not only a very good likeness of George II., but also a clearly delineated representation of the head of the British lion." It is said that these unpatriotic emblems were surreptitiously introduced by a perfidious Englishman who was employed in the Philadelphia Mint. As the coin is of silver and contains considerable less than a dollar's worth of that metal, it is more likely that the human features referred to are those of a silver king than of a representative of British royalty. The figure supposed to be a lion is probably that of a lamb, symbolical of the American innocents, who are annually fleeced for the benefit of Western mine owners.

Few people are aware of the difficulties that were surmounted in the manufacture of the common lead pencil. In the first place the graphite of which it is made, is rarely found sufficiently homogeneous to allow pencil lead to be cut from it, so it is always ground to powder and then pressed into blocks. The great difficulty was to press the blocks until the graphite was hard enough to use, and for many years every effort in this direction was defeated by the crumbly nature of the material. Finally a device was employed that exhausted the air, after which the blocks were again pressed, and when this was done the material was found to be as hard as when taken from the quarry. But thousands upon thousands of dollars were spent in experiments before the result was reached.

Her: "Are you acquainted with Mrs. Tonton?" He: "Not intimately, but I have spoken with her." She: "Met her at some reception or party?" He: "No; I am floorwalker at Tating & Bearfolk's."

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials sent free.

Our Young Folks.

WITHIN SIGHT OF LAND.

BY E. M. W.

"TO-MORROW we shall be at Southampton," said Mrs. Frazer to her sister, Mrs. Collins. "And glad enough I shall be to get those two children safe on land. Just look at them now! Jack won't rest till he has made Sybil climb half-way up that rigging, and then she'll fall and break her neck. Come down, you naughty children, this minute!"

"All right, mother; I've got her tight," shouted Jack. "She only wants a start, and she can get up as nigh as I can."

"Lor, ma'am!" said an old sailor, coming up to Mrs. Frazer; "don't you worrit yourself about them. They've both been half-way up a dozen times. They cling like leeches to the ropes, and with a calm sea like this there's no chance of their being shaken off. Do 'em good, ma'am, to exercise their muscles after being shut up on board ship so long. Children's like kittens: if they can't get exercise one way, they'll take it another, even if it's only in running round and round after their own tails, like that kitten's a-doing now."

It was an unfortunate remark of the sailor's, for at that moment the vessel rolled a little, and the kitten disappeared suddenly down the companion-way, followed at a headlong pace by Jack, whose property it was, and who turned a deaf ear to Sybil's entreaties to help her down.

"Have you done with that wicker basket, ma'am?" said a stewardess, as Mrs. Collins stood laughing, waiting below, where Sybil clung like a monkey to the ropes.

"Yes, it's almost empty now; but my sister doesn't want anything put in it, so you can have it moved. The two Persian kittens might be put in it at the last moment, so I won't look it yet."

Sybil was on deck by this time, and eager to know what was going to be moved, and why the kittens were to be put away.

"By this time to-morrow, dear, we shall be in England: the dear old England that you've never seen."

For the rest of the afternoon the two children were amazingly quiet; if only the older people had had time to notice this they might have thought that some mischief was brewing, but they were busy preparing for land; and so long as the tiresome little youngsters kept out of their elders' way, no one troubled about them.

So it happened that Sybil and Jack, lying on two coils of rope in the stern of the vessel, made a deep plan for the next day.

"You'll be sure not to forget me," said Sybil, rather anxiously. She was only five years old, and her faith in her elder brother was perfect.

"Not exactly," said Jack. "I've been asking the captain, and he says we ought to land at Southampton at ten o'clock. So we are sure to have breakfast pretty early. Then the minute after breakfast you and I will slip off. I can put you in safely, and then run and hide myself. Won't it be fun? Won't grandpapa stare when he can't find us?"

"You're sure it won't hurt. I shan't be choked?"

"Of course not. If a kitten can live, you can. Now, don't let's talk any more about it. It will be such fun."

The captain's reckoning was right, and by breakfast-time next morning everyone was in a state of excitement; another hour would see them safe on land.

"Dress the children and take them on deck the moment they have done their breakfast," said Mrs. Frazer to the nurse. But unfortunately, just as she was going up the stairs with her two charges Mrs. Collins called her back to look for something which had been mislaid. The search occupied her about ten minutes, and when at last she reached the deck and looked round for the children, she could not see them.

Meanwhile the vessel was safely brought to rest, and impatient friends and relatives met and congratulated each other, while others stood at the top of the gangway waiting quietly till their turn should come.

Amongst these was a tall military-looking old gentleman, who had been gazing into the crowd on the deck as the vessel approached with a pair of field-glasses. He saw the two ladies whom he was looking for at last, and then stood contentedly waiting till he found an opportunity of reaching them.

"Where are the dear children?" he asked after he had affectionately greeted his daughters. "I am so anxious to see them. I thought they would surely be with you for their first sight of old England."

"I sent them up a long while ago, but I suppose they got restless, for I saw the nurse going down the stairs just now. You will find them in the cabin. But would you mind first seeing to the baggage? I believe I saw my dress basket taken ashore; people are so careless."

"Isn't your name on it?"

"It was, but Jack tore off the label, and I don't remember putting another on, though I intended to do so. Dear me! there are the kittens too: I expect they are running wild all over the ship. Jack was to look after them, and put them in that very basket. Oh dear! what a worry children are!"

General Morton looked at his daughter, and thought that India certainly had not improved her always rather lazy disposition. But Mrs. Collins had energy enough for two.

"You look after the baggage, father," she said, "and I'll hunt up the children and the kittens. They are sweet little dears, but always seem possessed with mischief when any excitement is on—the children I mean, not the kittens, though I expect they are nearly as bad"; and she laughed merrily as she disappeared below.

It was with a very different face that she came up again to her sister.

"The children are not there!" she cried. "Where can they be? Where's father?"

General Morton had gone ashore in pursuit of the missing dress basket, so the two ladies rushed helplessly about, begging of the few passengers who still remained on board to tell them where the children were.

Presently the general returned, and said that a basket resembling his daughter's had been put into the London train.

"I've seen the lady who mistook it. She has found her own since, and the conductor says he will see that it is delivered to us at Waterloo. But where in the world are the children?"

As he spoke, something hard fell on his hat, and looking up, he saw a small boy coming slowly down the rigging.

"Look out for my penknife, grandpapa," he shouted. "Of course you are grandpapa, or you wouldn't have kissed mother and auntie. I've been watching you ever so long. Look out!" And the young pickle slid down the last few yards, and landed on deck with a face which seemed to say, "what do you think of that?"

But before his elders had recovered their surprise, Jack exclaimed suddenly, "Where is Sybil? Where's mother's dress basket?"

In hurried words he told them that he had put his sister and the kittens into the basket, "just for fun," meaning, of course, to do a sort of Indian basket conjuring trick when his grandfather appeared: he had never thought of the basket being carried off first, when he heard that it was in the baggage-van of the London train, he burst out crying.

"She'll be smothered! she'll be smothered!" he cried. "Here's the key, grandfather; get her out quickly"; but as the general rushed to the station he heard a bell and a whistle, and the train was out of sight before he reached the platform.

"Very sorry you missed it, sir," said the station-master. "I kept it two minutes for you, because you said that you were going to fetch two ladies: couldn't do more. The basket will be all right: the conductor will see to it. There's another train in half-an-hour, but I didn't dare keep the special."

"But there's a little girl inside the basket!" said the poor general, gasping for breath, and looking the picture of misery.

The station-master gave a long low whistle, which said more than words.

"All I can do is to telegraph to Basingstoke, and tell them to stop the train, and ask the conductor to open the basket and let the child out. She'll be happy enough in his van: he's a good fellow, who knows how to amuse children, having half a dozen of his own. Dear, dear, that accounts for the porters saying it was heavy. One of them said he heard a kitten mew, too."

Jack never in all his life forgot that journey to London. He was old enough to know that it was owing to his own naughtiness that all were in sadness, feeling so anxious to reach their journey's end that the train seemed to them to crawl.

Waterloo Station came at last, and they all got on the platform with beating hearts.

"Are you the gentleman looking for a little girl?" said a respectable woman, attracted to the party by the tear-stained faces.

"Yes, yes; where is she? Tell me quick," said Mrs. Frazer.

"She's in the waiting room, with her kittens in her lap, as lively as can be."

And so she was, though she looked a little pale, poor child! No one ever knew whether she fainted with fright or whether she fell asleep, owing to the stuffiness of the small amount of air which she shared with the kittens. At all events, Sybil knew nothing about what had happened, except that it had seemed to her a long time before her brother let her out.

When the conductor received his message he went to the basket and forced it open.

"There she was, curled up as comfortable as you please, sir," he said, "and the kittens beside her. She was a bit frightened at first, but my wife was traveling in the train, and I just took the liberty of fetching her into the van, and she soon made the little miss happy. But if I might make bold to give you a bit of advice, young gentleman, it would be that you shouldn't play such a trick as that again."

Jack looked up with great tears in his eyes, and throwing his arms round his beloved sister, said he never would.

"Conductor," he added, as the latter moved off; here's five dollars I saved for a watch; take it, will you?"

ON THE ART OF LIVING.—To make our lives pass with tolerable ease—to set ourselves an object, or to have that object set before us by others, and to strain every nerve to accomplish it—to follow virtue that we may gain happiness—to strive after wisdom, riches, fame, and knowledge, that we may be respected, or admired, or envied—thus to fret our little hour upon the stage of existence is the lot of man; and the scene shifts so quickly that our course of life may be ended before we think we have gone half way.

Do as we may, there is no getting through life without crosses—either our own, or the crosses that others unthinkingly lay upon us—or the crosses we shift on to our own shoulders to ease a comrade, for a while, in the hot and dusty strife, in which the survival is not always to the fittest, any more than the race is always to the swift or the battle to the strong.

Some there are who, knowing that fighting is their part in life, sing triumphantly as they play it; courageous, undaunted, pretty sure to rise from the ranks, unless their career is cut short by a random bullet. Others, maddened at the sights and sounds around them, hurry from the press, and, as there is no discharge in this battle, make a violent ending for themselves, crying 'Adsum' before the muster-roll is called.

MANNER AND MANNERS.—A man's manner—like the voice of Jacob—is his own; his manners are often assumed—like Jacob's coat of skins—to deceive, or at least to pretend to some other character than his own.

More insight may be gained into a man's character by observing his manner, even than by noting his actions. For he may do a kind action without being kind, a brave one without being courageous, a charitable one without being benevolent, since Pride, Prudence, Expediency, or Vanity may have dictated them all.

But his manner—the manner that clings to him in his dressing-gown and slippers with a pipe between his lips; his manner of helping his family and himself when he carves the joint; his manner at cards, when, his hand being good, he is perceptibly triumphant—and bad, he is visibly cast down and irritable; his manner, when he alters it into "company manners" on the advent of guests.

His manner is the man himself; his manners are probably founded on those of some one he admires or has admired. For seldom do men take the trouble, or have minds original or self-confident enough, to form their own manners.

DUTIES OF BROTHERS AND SISTERS.—Let sisters consider how much the persuasive language of mildness and affection is adapted to lead the roughest and most impetuous tempers to meekness and wisdom, and that their remarks may direct a brother's attention to sentiments full of beauty and feeling which he has overlooked. Conversation in families is too often frivolous, and in too many of them it is occupied with censures on the characters of other, which feed the malignant passions of the heart, or with such mistaken praise as is calculated to inspire false ideas of excellence. Let your speech be always marked by wisdom and grace.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

How to put a horse on his metal—Shoe him.

A fact—There is no adhesive label like a nickname.

Sensible opinions—Those which coincide with our own.

The kiss is decidedly on the decline among society women.

The smaller the drink the clearer the head, and the cooler the blood.

The man who rides a hobby always wants the whole road for himself.

A boy's idea of having fun is to be allowed to make all the noise he can.

What a delightful world it would be if everybody were as polite as a candidate!

Herr Krupp, the big gun builder of Germany, pays $35,000 taxes on an income of $1,000,000.

The pugilistic tendencies of a 10-day bride, in Missouri, has prompted her husband to sue for divorce.

F. N. Witham, of Mt. Sterling, Ohio, and his father have been reunited after a separation of 40 years.

A girl baby with a full set of teeth has been born, it is claimed, to Mrs. Allen White, of Lowell, Indiana.

You never know how dear things are until you buy them, nor how cheap they are until you sell them.

James Cunningham and Jack Rice, colored, had a quarrel over ten cents at Alton, Ill., lately, which resulted in the death of the former.

John W. Taylor, of Michigan City, Indiana, is the owner of a prayer-book that has been in the possession of his family for 187 years.

One of the most profitable perquisites of the messenger boy is buying cigarettes for the girls who smoke them in the seclusion of their rooms.

In Durham, England, on Easter Monday the men claim the privilege to take off the women's shoes, and the next day the women retaliate.

A mother at Perniscot, Mo., has four daughters who bear these euphonious names: Beulah May, Ivy Rose, Beula Atwilda and Greta Alfona.

We deride a rich man for meanness, and a poor man for extravagance. And in the meantime we go about doing as we please—just as they do.

A West Virginia man is said to have recently sold his sons to a neighbor for $10. The buyer has now sued the father for the return of his money.

John Street, colored, aged 77 years, of Evansville, Indiana, who is suing his wife for divorce, claims to be the father of 27 daughters, 20 of whom are married.

The death of Robert Norman, at New Albany, Indiana, was the result of blood poisoning, caused by attempting to break a piece of kindling over his knee.

Nicholas Smith, aged 95 years, of Kunkletown, Morris county, New Jersey, had been blind for 20 years, until several weeks ago, when his sight, it is said, returned to him.

A little boy was sitting on the knee of a friend of his papa's, when he remarked: "Oh, if you only knew how kind papa is and how clever!" "Who told you, my boy?" was the natural inquiry. "Why, papa."

Professor Virchow, the eminent pathologist, keeps alive for experiments several generations of cats, from which he is trying to evolve a race of bob tailed felines. The Professor is 70 years old and is surprisingly vigorous.

A party of belated gentlemen, about a certain hour, began to think of home and their wives' displeasure, and urged a departure. "Never mind," said one of the guests, "fifteen minutes can make no difference; my wife is as mad now as she can be."

The manager of a French provincial theatre has had the following notice posted up outside of his establishment: "The manager begs that all pretty women will take off their hats and bonnets. Those who may be ugly or elderly are welcome to keep them on."

A 10-year-old boy has been arrested and held under $10,000 bonds in Chicago on charges of robbery and assault with intent to kill. It is alleged that he has held up men, women and boys in other places besides Chicago and relieved them of their valuables.

"Why do you wear your hair so long?" asked a student of [illegible] whose locks fell over his brow. "Because I haven't time to get it cut," was the reply. "I might as well ask why is your head so bald?" "My dear fellow, I haven't time to let mine grow," said the other.

The arrest and sentence of Edward Miller, at Saginaw, Michigan, for beating his wife, presents an unusual case. Miller and his wife have been married 9 years. He is German and she is Scotch, and they cannot understand each other's language, hence misunderstandings arise, one of which explains why Miller struck his wife and was fined.

A FAREWELL.

BY SUSANNA J.

Farewell—I shall never forget thee,
Though meeting thee never again,
Nor shall I in sorrow regret thee,
As though we had met but in vain.

Our friendship remaineth a pleasure,
A gift that ennobles and cheers;
'Twill be something for Mem'ry to treasure
And prize through the on-coming years.

He looks on us, weary with weeping
And striving for things that are vain,
And the most loving heart in His keeping
He sendeth to lighten our pain.

Then go—there are others who need thee—
God's love on thy labors is set;
But, wherever the Future may lead thee,
The Past we shall never forget!

ABOUT ROSEMARY.

Rosemary used to be carried in the hand at weddings, as well as strewed on the ground and dipped in the cup. Thus Stow narrates of a wedding in 1560, that "fine flowers and rosemary were strewed for them coming home;" and Brand cites numerous instances from old plays.

In one, "the parties enter with rosemary, as if from a wedding;" and in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Scornful Lady," the question is asked about a wedding, "Were the rosemary branches dipped?" This dipping, moreover, was in scented water as well as in the loving-cup, and hence the allusions in Dekker's "Wonderful Year" to a bride who had died on her wedding-night:

"Here is a strange alteration: for the rosemary that was washed in sweet water to set out the bridal, is now wet in tears to furnish her burial."

It is on record that Anne of Cleves wore rosemary at her wedding with Henry the Eighth; and in an account of some marriage festivities at Kenilworth, attended by Queen Elizabeth, there is frequent mention of the plant. An idea of how it was sometimes used is given in a description of a sixteenth century wedding quoted by the Rev. Hilderic Friend: "The bride being attired in a gown of sheep's russet and a kirtle of fine worsted, attired with abillement of gold, and her hair, yellow as gold, hanging down behind her, which was curiously combed and plaited, she was led to church between two sweet boys, with bride-laces and rosemary tied about her silken sleeves. There was a fair bride-cup of silver-gilt carried before her, wherein was a goodly branch of rosemary gilded very fair, and hung about with silken ribands of all colors."

Coles says that the garden rosemary was called "Rosmarinus coronarium," because the women made crowns and garlands of it. Ben Jonson says that it was customary for the bridesmaids to present the bridegroom next morning with a bunch of rosemary, and Brand says that as late as 1698 the custom still prevailed in England of decking the bridal bed with sprigs of rosemary.

In Jonson's "Tale of a Tub," one of the characters assembled to await the intended bridegroom says: "Look an' the wenches ha' not found un out, and do present un with a van of rosemary and bays, enough to vill a bow-pott or trim the head of my best vore-horse; we shall all ha' bride-laces and points, I see."

And again, a country swain assures his sweetheart at their wedding: "We'll have rosemary and bayes to vill a bow-pott, and with the same I'll trim the vorehead of my best vore-horse;" so that it would seem the decorative use was not confined to the bride, the guests, and the banquet.

For a love-charm the reputation of rosemary seem to have come from the South. There is an old Spanish proverb which runs:

Who passeth by the rosemarie,
And careth not to take a sprave,
For woman's love no care has he,
Nor shall be, though he live for aye.

Mr. Thistleton-Dyer says that rosemary is used in some parts of the country, as nut-charms are on Hallowe'en, to foretell a lover. Only St. Agnes's Eve is the occasion on which to invoke with a sprig of rosemary or thyme with this formula:

St. Agnes, that's to lovers kind,
Come, ease the troubles of my mind.

For love-potions, decoctions of rosemary were much employed.

As to funeral uses, those who are familiar with Hogarth's drawings will remember one of a funeral party with sprigs of rosemary in their hands. Misson, a French traveler (of the time of William the Third), thus describes some funeral ceremonies: "When they are ready to set out, they nail up the coffin, and a servant presents the company with sprigs of rosemary. Every one takes a sprig and carries it in his hand till the body is put into the grave, at which time they all throw their sprigs after it."

Whether the fact that the rosemary buds in January has anything to do with its funeral uses admits of conjecture, as Sir Thomas Browne would say.

In Dekker's "Wonderful Year" there is a description of a charnel-house pavement strewed with withered rosemary, hyacinths, cypress, and yew. During the Plague rosemary was in such demand for funerals, that, says Dekker, what "had wont to be sold for twelvepence an armfull went now at six shillings a handfull." Certainly a remarkable rise. What was the price in 1531 we know not; but in an account of the funeral expenses of a Lord Mayor of London, who died in that year, appears an item, "For yerbes at the bowyral £0 1 0," which presumably refers to rosemary.

"Cypresse garlands," wrote Coles, "are of great account at funeralls among the gentiler sort; but Rosemary and Bayes are used by the commons both at funeralls and weddings. They are all plants which fade not a good while after they are gathered and used, as I conceive to intimate un'o us that the remembrance of the present solemnity might not die presently, but be kept in minde for many yeares."

We have now seen something of the many significations of rosemary, and find an explanation of why the same plant was used for both weddings and funerals. One may hesitate to believe in the man of whom it is recorded that he wanted to be married again on the day of his wife's funeral because the rosemary, which had been used at her burial, would come in usefully and economically for the wedding ceremony; but there is interest enough in the circumstances referred to by Shakspeare, that:

Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corpse.

Grains of Gold.

The bad thing about little sins is that they grow so fast.

The biggest dollars we see are those just out of our reach.

We are all willing to admit the total depravity of some folks.

There are but two ways possible to the sinner—repentance or ruin.

The man who controls himself will also control many other people.

We cannot pray for ourselves and leave the people we don't like out.

Duty only frowns when you flee from it; follow it, and it smiles upon you.

No condition so low but many have hopes; none so rich but may have fears.

From the lowest place on earth it is possible to reach a high place in heaven.

We are not always ignorant because we do not learn, but because we forget too much.

There is something wrong with the repentance that doesn't make a sinner change his habits and his company.

When you want to get and hold the attention of children, have something to say that their minds can picture.

Do not be content with latent goodness. There is latent heat in the stones, the earth, the iron of a dreless stove; but men may perish with the cold, with such latent heat all around them. Latent heat warms nobody. It must be converted, brought out, and set to work upon something, for such practical purposes.

Femininities.

Young women at East Lake, Alabama, have formed two base ball nines.

A woman at Hiawatha, Kansas, who is 70 years old, is said to play the piano with rare skill.

A Buffalo firm recently advertised for a red-headed young woman to drive four white horses.

Miss Lilie Sandow, of Henderson county, Tennessee, is 16 years old, and is said to wear a No. 19 shoe.

John Hagan, who died lately in Washington, left his daughter one dollar, and the remainder of his estate he willed to a niece.

When a girl allows a fellow to put his overcoat on without assisting him it is a sign that she doesn't want him to come back any more.

A school-teacher in Waterville recently originated a novel contest in her school. She offered a prize for the best collection of clippings from the current newspapers.

Persons whose temples are fuller above the eyes than below, whose heads enlarge above the ears, are usually more gifted with musical taste than those with contrary characteristics.

In wearing veils a woman should be guided entirely by the color of her hat, and if this is apt to be unbecoming to her complexion, let her wear a simple black veil, which is at all times a beautifier.

Maud: "Has your fiance a mustache?" Marie: "Yes, indeed!" Maud: "Is it dark or light?" Marie: "It's—it's—well, the fact is, I really don't know, except that it's just too sweet for anything."

An old count paid his addresses to one of the richest heiresses of Paris. On asking her hand in marriage, he frankly said so her: "Miss Blank, I am very old, and you are very young; will you do me the honor to become my widow."

"You ought to acquire the faculty of being at home in the best society," said a fashionable aunt to a plain but honest nephew. "I manage that easily enough," rejoined the nephew, "by staying at home with my wife and children."

It is said that Madame Patti and other women of high standing on the stage preserve most carefully the boots they wore at their debuts, and they consider it lucky to have them about on the first nights of fresh engagements for ever after.

"I consider Mr. Johnson a very nice fellow," said Mrs. Brown to Mrs. Smith the other evening at a party. "I don't," said Mrs. Smith; "why, he's not a bit like man who come to see me." "Well, that is nothing against him!" rejoined Mrs. Brown, with acidity.

One of the exhibitions at the World's Fair will be a class of 12 young women typewriters from the blind asylum at Jacksonville, Ill., whose proficiency is said to be something wonderful, and their work as satisfactory as that of more favored ones who work by sight.

The latest fad to be indulged in at the seashore this summer is "posthomancy," or fate by footprints. A New York paper says it has superseded palmistry, and now it will be possible to tell by toe joints and curves whether you are amiable or not, why you are not happy, though married, and all the rest.

Smith B. Cubine and Blanche Keller, of Abingdon, Virginia, recently eloped to Bristol, Tennessee, where they were married. Cubine took laudanum some time ago because Miss Keller refused to marry him. On being saved from death, he renewed his suit with better success, the elopement being the result.

Lady Brooke possesses a Shakesperian garden at Warwick Castle, for which she is gathering every flower and shrub mentioned in his plays. The Prince of Wales planted the first specimen. A worshipper of the late Laureate, resident in the Isle of Wight, intends commencing next year a Tennysonian garden, with every tree and shrub mentioned by that poet in his works.

King Oscar of Sweden is a musical monarch, who may often be heard for hours improvising on the piano, and more particularly on the organ—an instrument almost unknown in private circles abroad. His Majesty is also, like the Czar, a great lover of glee singing. His brother, Charles XV. and Gustavus, were equally gifted musicians and lovers of that noble art. Prince Gustavus Adolphus, the eldest grandson of King Oscar, and future king, already evinces that admirable early love of music which is the heirloom of the gifted house of Bernadotte.

Woman is progressive, arguments to the contrary notwithstanding. Even the washerwomen of Japan are inspired by the example of their European and American sisters. Several of these humble laborers in Tokio have been studying the English language, and for the benefit of English tourists, they issue the following neat little circular: "Ladies and Gentlemen,—We, the washer of every kind of clothes, blankets, and so on, newly established the company and engaged the business. Contrary to our opposite company, we will most cleanly and carefully wash our customers with cheap prices. With your wages we will work the business."

Masculinities.

Among the seedsman's novelties this year is a pear-shaped tomato.

A gold coin loses 5 per cent. of its value in 16 years of constant use.

A collection of doorknobs numbering over 3000 specimens is owned by a Jersey City man.

It is stated that San Francisco has supplanted Chicago as the champion divorce centre.

A hen at Thomaston, Ga., has built her nest in the fork of a tree, 20 feet above the ground.

The United States manufacture 65,000 hats every day, while England manufactures about 40,000.

A Dr. Miller, of Otsego, Michigan, is the owner of a table that has been in his family over 200 years.

John Gildersleeve, aged 9 years, of New York city, has been arrested on the charge of burglary.

Twenty-five ships of war of various kinds are now in course of construction for the French Government.

One hundred detectives are employed in the Bon Marche in Paris whose only labor is to watch for shoplifters.

A horse owned by Mrs. Gilbert, of Clark county, Indiana, died a short time ago at the reputed age of 42 years.

Grape cultivation in France gives employment to no fewer than 25,000,000 persons, scattered over 76 departments.

The American Bible Society has arranged to distribute 250 000 copies of the New Testament at the World's Fair.

A blacksmith's tools of the present day are almost identical with those used in the same trade over 300 years ago.

An Oshkosh, Wisconsin, farmer has been fined for cruelly punching the eye out of a cow and wrenching off her tail.

A Boston man has a fad for collecting handkerchiefs. He is said to have a large number, some of which are quite valuable.

There is a tooth of Buddha, preserved and worshipped in an Indian temple, which probably all the gold in the world could not buy.

A calf owned by William Dean, of Jacksonville, Alabama, recently went crazy and literally butted its brains out against a tree.

A colored woman at Thomasville, N. C., aged 35 years, has been married 18 years, and during that time has given birth to 18 children.

Stephen Langford, an 80-year-old farmer in Madison county, Ky., has had constructed for his own use a stone coffin weighing 1500 pounds.

A man at Council Bluffs, Iowa, while recently cleaning some pike, was surprised to find that the fish were stuffed with 10 penny nails and parsnips.

The Easter Sunday offerings in St. Andrew's Protestant Episcopal Church, New York, aggregated $55,000, including a gift by Church Warden John B. Simpson of $35,000.

Since work has commenced on the World's Fair in Chicago, 11 men have been killed outright, 8 have died from wounds received while in service, and 610 have been injured.

Senator Stanford's vineyard in California is the largest in the world. It covers an area of 2500 acres. The Senator's aim is to make California wines the equal of the best imported brands.

Leo and Robert Fitzgerald, aged 2 and 5 years respectively, ran away from their home in Chicago one morning lately. When found several hours later they had strayed about four miles from their residence.

Prisoners in the jail at Sulphur Springs, Texas, recently resorted to unique means in attempting to make their escape. They made a saw out of sewing needles and had nearly filed the bars when discovered.

Emperor William, of Germany, during his coming visit to the Pope will pay his royal respects to the King and Queen of Italy. The Emperor never forgets to place flowers on his grandfather's tomb at Charlottenburg, where he has seven children buried.

A train brakeman who saved a train load of lives at Kingman, Arizona Territory, did not know how dear the lives were until their owners put their own estimate upon them by taking up a collection for him. They chipped in $20.75, or about 15 cents each.

The far and frontier West does not appear to be peopled exclusively by tough citizens. At Winnemucca, Nevada, a jury was formed of men whose average age was 27, who were all total abstainers from drink, none smoked cigarettes and none had ever chewed tobacco.

A Western editor apologizes to his readers somewhat after this fashion: "We expected to have a death and a marriage to publish this week, but a violent storm prevented the wedding and (the doctor being taken sick himself) the patient recovered, and we are accordingly cheated out of both."

CHINESE COOKERY.

The Chinese are a nation of cooks. There is scarcely an individual in their vast community who is not more or less competent to cook himself a respectable dinner.

Chinese tradition points to a date some thousands of years before the Christian era, at which an inspired ruler of old first taught mankind the application of fire to food. But without wishing to be irreverent, we think it desirable to confine our investigations to periods of greater historical certainty.

The peasant sits down to a dinner cooked by the hand of his wife or daughter-in-law. In large establishments the cooks are invariably men.

Half a dozen coolies will squat round a bucket of steaming rice and from four to six small savory dishes of stewed cabbage, onions, scraps of fat pork, cheap fish, etc. They fill their bowls from the bucket. They help themselves discreetly with their chopsticks from the various relishes provided.

On ordinary occasions, even a wealthy Chinaman will sit down to some such simple fare, served indeed on a table instead of on the ground, but in almost equally simple style. It is only when a banquet is substituted for the usual meal that eating is treated seriously as a fine art, in a manner worthy its importance to the human race. Then the guests will assemble between two and four P. M., and will remain steadily at the table until any hour from ten P. M. to midnight. Pipes are lighted between the courses, and a whiff or two of light tobacco-smoke is inhaled into the lungs; while within easy reach of the table, if the festivity is at all on a grand scale, the deafening noise of a theatrical performance continues almost without intermission.

Chinese dinners have been described over and over again—of late years with increasing accuracy. It seems, however, impossible to disabuse people of the idea that dogs, rats, and snails frequently appear on the bill of fare. Leaving this question to time, we will proceed to the more immediate object of this paper, which is the discussion of a small Chinese work on cookery by a well known poet and famous letter-writer, named Yuan Mei, who flourished in the last century.

All feathers must be removed from the birds'-nests, leaving only the gelatinous part; all mud from the sea-slugs; all sand from the sharks' fins, etc. The saliva of the man fish must be carefully washed away, or the dish will have a frowzy flavor.

Foods of a heavy flavor should be served separately. Such are crab or lobster, samlie (a delicious kind of white salmon), beef and mutton. These, we are told, should be eaten alone, without any adjunct.

The fire should be carefully attended to. For frying or baking, a "military" fire will be required. For stewing or boiling, a "civil" fire. Such is one of the quaint idioms of the Chinese language.

Some things require first a military and then a civil fire, as meats with gravy. Others, the more they are boiled, the more tender do they become; as, for instance, kidneys and preserved eggs. But fresh fish is turned by overboiling into dead meat. Again, the nose, which acts as go-between in introducing the food to the mouth, must receive special attention at the hands of the cook.

An old Chinese proverb declares that good food is not as important as good cookery; and on this Yuan Mei enlarges, insisting that it is not so much to have dishes and bowls in elegant sets of (e. g.) eight of the former to ten of the latter, as to have dishes and bowls suitable to the food contained in each and also of suitable size.

Generally speaking, the Chinese will not eat mutton, still less beef. The former is, however, largely consumed by Mahommedans, and beef is by no means unknown. Mustard is supposed to be cooling, and pepper heating. There is even a tradition that an empress had her rooms washed with pepper-juice in order to make them warm.

It will not astonish any one to hear that of fowls a pullet is to be preferred, while drakes are fatter than ducks. But it may be news to some to be told that, according to Yuan Mei, old cocks and hens make the best soup.

The Manchus, who have ruled China since its conquest by them some two hundred and fifty years ago, are strongest in baked meats. The Chinese excel in soups.

If mere expense is the object, our author, who had never heard of Cleopatra, suggests that a valuable string of pearls might be broken over a dish as a fit and appropriate dressing.

Yuan Mei lays great stress on having dishes served direct from the fire, without any interval, which, he says, "leaves the same flavor with food that mildew leaves behind in clothes."

He points out that many cooks throw away, in ignorance, sometimes the best portions; e. g. the upper flesh of the terrapin, using only the lower part all round, which he calls "the skirt." Also, the back of the samlie, using only the belly. In like manner, he observes that although the yolk is the best part of an egg, no one who understands the art of eating ever thinks of separating it from the white.

He deprecates such atrocious cruelties as cutting the liver from a live fowl, or frying the feet of living geese on hot plates.

With their meals, the Chinese drink a spirituous liquor distilled from rice. It is served hot, in small cups which are emptied at a draught, from small pewter kettles which should be kept standing in boiling water.

Yuan Mei protests against the habit of serving food in winter on dishes with charcoal or spirits of wine burning beneath. All food, as he has said before, should be sent up hot and eaten at once.

He also protests against the troublesome custom of pressing guests to eat; and against the more foolish one of piling up choice pieces on the little saucers used as plates, and even putting them into the guests' mouths, as if they were children or brides, too shy to help themselves.

There was a man in Ch'ang an, he tells us, who was very fond of giving dinners; but the food given was atrocious. One day a guest threw himself on his knees in front of this gentleman and said, "Am I not a friend of yours?"

"You are indeed," replied his host.

"Then I must ask of you a favor," said the guest, "and you must grant it before I rise from my knees."

"Well, what is it?" inquired his host in astonishment.

"Never to invite me to dinner any more!" cried the guest; at which the whole party burst into a loud roar of laughter.

FEATHER FLOWERS.—It requires a certain amount of patience to achieve success in making feather flowers, while satisfactory results are sure to add a smiling beauty to the adorning of an artistically-appointed household. Fashionables rusticating in the country can easily procure a bunch of white goose-feathers and amuse themselves an hour or so by cutting out of these feathers leaves like the flowers that are to be copied. Make the bulbs of beeswax and resin, mixed together in equal proportions; to this stick the leaves, the stamens, and centre parts of the wire and zephyr. In painting the leaves, a nice delicate touch should be had in order to give a natural effect. Get tube paints—such as are used for oil paintings. After painting the leaves lay them aside to dry. Do not use them for ten or twelve hours at least. A tube each of chrome-yellow, rose-madder, clear white, and Prussian-blue will be all the paints required to produce a lovely bouquet. Mix the yellow and blue to obtain green for painting the leaves. With a little practice in mixing the paints they can be made as beautiful as wax. There are several ways to use feather flowers besides clustering them. A wreath, a cross, an anchor, and birds are often made and placed in boxes with a rich velvet background and fine glass in front, bordered with a framework of velvet, or wood exquisitely covered with water-colored pictures, making an elegant parlor ornament.

WHERE IS "THE SILENT CITY?"—Many stories have been written about mirages and delusions, but none more interesting and curious than that of the Silent City illusion, which makes its appearance near the Pacific Glacier, in Alaska.

The discovery of this wonderful mirage was made by the Indians, who often tell of the city which was built in the clouds. The mirage can be seen in the early part of July from five to six p. m. It rises from the side of the Pacific Glacier.

It appears like a heavy mist and soon becomes clearer, and one can distinctly see the spectre city, well-defined streets and trees, tall spires, huge and odd-shaped buildings, which appear to be ancient mosques and cathedrals.

It is a city large enough to contain at least 25,000 or 30,000 inhabitants. As yet no one has been able to identify it, although several have claimed to recognize the place. There is no city like it in Alaska, nor in any country about it for thousands of miles.

Some claim it is a city in Russia, others say it is a city in England, but none can tell what or where it is.

The mirage was given the name of "Silent City," as it appears to one like a dead city: there is nothing to indicate that it is the pictured reflection of an inhabited place.

ALL ABOUT GLOVES.

How or when the glove had its origin it is difficult to say, for it dates so far back as to be lost in the gray mist of distance. A great deal of labor and learning have, however, been spent in the research, and not wholly in vain.

It is said that Venus, being in love with Adonis, followed him to the hunt, and tore her hand on a thorn bush. In order to protect herself in the future from a like accident, she commanded the Graces to take the model of her hand, and make a covering for it.

Laertes, the father of Ulysses, wore garden gloves to protect his hands from the thorns, when engaged in his favorite pursuit, says Homer.

Again, in Scandinavian mythology we are reminded of the iron glove worn by Jupiter to enable him to swing the hammer of Minerva with effect.

Tradition tells us that St. Anne busied herself with knitting gloves, and thus it is that she is regarded as the patron saint of the French glove-maker.

It is considered by many translators and commentators of the Bible, as well as by those learned in the Talmud, that gloves were in use among the Hebrews, Babylonians, Sidonians, Persians, Greeks, and Romans in very early times; but who of all those were the first to use them there is no record; the opinion, however, obtains that Persia was the land wherein gloves were first worn as a protection against the icy winds of their mountains and steppes.

Even before the time of Darius, the Persians adorned themselves with gloves, and it was written of them by Xenophon that they had, since the time of Cyrus, became so effeminate, that not content with covering their bodies, heads, arms, and feet to shield them from the cold, they protected their hands also by wearing costly fur gloves.

In Bible history we all remember how Rebecca made gloves of skins for Jacob in order to deceive Isaac as to his identity.

Much dispute has risen about the passage in the book of Ruth iv. 7, many learned men asserting that for shoe we should read glove. The great German translator Levy translated it handschuh, or shoe for the hand.

"Over Edom will I cast out my shoe," is also rendered glove, for "to throw a shoe would have no warlike tendency," says an authority.

On the old Egyptian monuments and portraits may be seen long gloves, supposed by the learned in such matters to have been tributes from Asiatic peoples to the Pharaohs.

The use of glove was evidently introduced into Greece by means of their many campaigns, and it seems that they had them made with fingers, and wore them at their meals to take up the hot meats—forks not then being in use.

Subsequently they found their way into Rome, where at first only the most effeminate among the people used them; but as refinement spread, the wearing of gloves became the fashion.

It is quite possible that the Romans introduced the wearing of gloves into England. We know that the Anglo-Saxons wore them, for we read that in the time of Ethelred the Unready certain German merchants paid a duty of five pairs of gloves to this prince for the protection of their trade, a sign, says Strutt, of their rarity and limitation to persons of high rank.

Planche has engraved, in his history of British costumes, the figure of an Anglo-Saxon lady wearing a covering on the hand like a glove, but having only a separate division for the thumb.

It is interesting to note, in the account given by Pliny the Younger of his uncle's journey to Vesuvius, that the amanuensis who accompanied him wore gloves upon his hands in winter, lest the severity of the weather should make him lose any time.

The primitive shape of the glove was evidently like that of the boxing glove, or that which our babies wear, viz., a sort of sack with a place for the thumb, and it was nearly always made of the skins of animals.

The gauntlet introduced by William the Conqueror was a stout glove made of sheep or deer skin, with jointed plates of metal affixed to the back and to the fingers, which in no way impeded the free use of the hand.

That of the Commonwealth was made of sheepskin, with a top coming half-way up the arm, made of stout handsome buffalo hide.

Orderious Vitalis tells us that in the latter part of the eleventh century the young Normans covered their hands with gloves too long and wide for doing anything needful.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

NEVER FAILS TO RELIEVE

PAIN.

It is the best application for Bruises, Sprains, Cramps, Stiff Joints, Pain in the Chest, Back or Limbs.

It surpasses all other remedies in the wonderful power which it possesses of curing

RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA.

Thousands have been relieved and cured by simply rubbing with Ready Relief, applied by the hand, to the parts affected and considerable of the adjoining surface; at the same time several brisk doses of Radway's Pills will do much to hasten the cure.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Inflammation, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing, Influenza.

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

INTERNALLY.

From 20 to 60 drops in half a tumbler of water will, in a few moments, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Colic, Flatulency and all Internal Pains.

MALARIA

Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague Conquered.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price 50c. per bottle. Sold by druggists

BE SURE TO GET "RADWAY'S."

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

For the Cure of Chronic Diseases.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure.

Sold by all Druggists. One Dollar a Bottle.

BE SURE TO GET "RADWAY'S."

RADWAY'S PILLS,

An excellent and mild Cathartic. Purely Vegetable. The Safest and Best Medicine in the world for the Cure of all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach or Bowels.

Perfect digestion will be accomplished by taking one of Radway's Pills every morning. By so doing

DYSPEPSIA,

SICK HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from disease of the digestive organs: Constipation, Inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering in the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried or difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pains in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price 25 CENTS per box. Sold by all druggists.

RADWAY & Co., 32 Warren St., N. Y. City.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be Sure and ask for RADWAY'S and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Book of Advice mailed on application.

HE DISLIKED YOUNGER BROTHERS.

Suddenly acquiring a new and lucrative business post, Augustus De Wolf had availed himself of the opportunity offered to make a display suited to the occasion.

Accordingly, in a spick and span new trap, with a dashing horse, he drove up to her door to take her for a drive in the park.

And the two little boys were prepared for him though he knew it not.

Unsuspiciously Augustus let them hold the horse while he went indoors to salute his inamorata. He had the necessary penny to spare, which he presumed was the objective point of their unusual courtesy and accommodativeness.

When the young pair emerged from the palatial residence one young brother stood at the horse's head, while the other, who had made a hasty visit to the back of the premises, now stood ready near the young couple while they mounted.

Such politeness was so uncalled-for and unexpected that Augustus turned the presentation penny into a dime.

With a superbly condescending smile he waived the horse-holder aside, and, with elbows squared and the grand air of a prince, he moved majestically forward on his way.

But he was a little surprised.

As for her, she became suddenly indignant. The looks of envy and admiration which they furtively sought in the faces of passers-by were not forthcoming.

On the contrary, every one smiled broadly, and some broke into rude and boisterous laughter.

It was inexplicable.

He grew hot in the collar and unhappy.

They scanned each other coldly for the tell-tale smut or smudge which might explain the situation.

But both were immaculate in personal appearance.

And so they might have gone on for an hour in blissful ignorance of the unknown joke.

But the air was too exhilarating.

A strangled yell of triumph behind them caused her to look round.

Then she grabbed at the reins and the horse came to an abrupt halt, while two abandoned little buccaneer brothers rushed forward and unhooked their little-mail cart from the axle, and, covered with mud and happiness, beat a hasty retreat.

Woman-like, she visited all her available wrath upon Augustus' unlucky shoulders.

It should have been a glorious ride, but it was not.

She made him pay the expenses of her lost dignity all the way home.

Augustus thinks the young brother an irritating and unnecessary wart on the face of nature.

And that is why he proposes to get up a "Society for the Prevention of Younger Brothers."

WEDDING RING MOTTOES.—"The old custom has nearly died out now," a jeweler recently, in reply to a query respecting curious mottoes engraved inside wedding rings. "Once now and again we get an order, but as a general rule I think the custom is nearly forgotten. In my young days—I've been forty years in the trade—we always asked what the customer would like engraved inside when the article purchased was a wedding ring.

"Yes, I keep a list of all the mottoes I have come across in the course of business. I should think they number over two hundred; most of them, however, must have appeared a trifle nonsensical to the wearers after a few years' experience of married life, although a few are worth preserving.

"Here are one or two of the most curious. 'And obey' was formerly very popular, and was meant as a reminder, I suppose. 'Better late than never' almost tells its own story. For a ring worn by a sailor's wife either of the following four might be very appropriate: 'Fair weather follows storm,' 'The last voyage,' 'All clouds are gone,' and 'Jack's come home to-day.' The soldier's bride is provided for by 'A sharp engagement—a battle won;' and 'Double harness for safety,' 'We ride abreast,' and 'The de'il takes the rest,' were frequently used. 'Regrets are now useless,' and 'Here ends all flirting,' were rather scarce compared with 'The knot that binds,' 'This lock knows no key,' and 'Undo it who can.' Single-letter mottoes, as we call them, such as 'U & I R I,' were in great request, but there never was any great variety about them.

"Marriage is quite a business matter nowadays, you know, and those matrimonially inclined don't think of mottoes; that is, perhaps, why the custom is dying out."

A PULASKI COUNTY, Missouri, mother has named her daughter "Anthracite."

READING.—It is rather discouraging to know that if one should read more hours a day than the average American is able to spend away from business, he would be able to read only a few of the works that are really worth reading. Mr. Gladstone, however, is not to be discouraged by this knowledge. He goes upon the principle that the only way to get any reading done is to read. In a volume of Conversations, recently translated, Dr. Dollinger said: "I think it was in the year 1871 that I remember his (Gladstone's) paying me a visit at 6 o'clock in the evening. We began talking on political and theological subjects, and became both of us so ingrossed with the conversation that it was 2 o'clock at night when I left the room to fetch a book from my library bearing on the matter in hand. I returned with it in a few minutes and found Gladstone deep in a volume he had drawn out of his pocket—true to his principles of never losing time—during my momentary absence. And this at the small hours of the morning!"

AS THE YEARS GO BY.—A young man and a young woman lean over the front gate. They are lovers. It is moonlight. He is loth to leave, as the parting is the last. He is about to go away. She is reluctant to see him depart. They swing on the gate.

"I'll never forgot you," he says, "and if death should claim me, my last thought will be of you."

"I'll be true to you," she sobs. "I'll never see anybody else or love them as long as I live."

They part. Six years later he returns. His sweetheart of former years had married. They met at a party. She has changed greatly. Between the dances the recognition takes place.

"Let me see," she muses, with her fan beating a tattoo on her pretty hand, "was it you or your brother who was my old sweetheart?"

"Really I don't know," he says. "Probably my father."

Dora Murphy, aged 11 years, of Youngstown, Ohio, was walking across a long trestle on the Erie Railroad a few days ago, when she was overtaken by a passenger train. With rare presence of mind she dropped through the ties and hung suspended by her hands until the train passed over. When she attempted to pull herself up she was too weak and fell to the ground, receiving severe bruises.

DOORS.—When putting in new doors, or planning them in a new building, be sure they are broad enough for stock, wheelbarrows and in many instances for wagons. Broad doors on farm buildings save time and hand labor.

For 100 Years Bedford Water

has been recognized as the greatest and best cure for all troubles of the Liver, Kidney or Stomach. It is Nature's own remedy and can not be equalled by any medicine or other remedy for complaints of these organs. Ask your physician about it or write for pamphlet. SENT FREE by

THE BEDFORD MINERAL SPRINGS CO.
BEDFORD, PA.

IF YOU WANT INFORMATION ABOUT
PENSIONS
Address a letter or postal card to
THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,
JOHN WEDDERBURN, - - Managing Attorney,
P. O. Box 483. WASHINGTON, D. C.
PENSIONS PROCURED FOR
SOLDIERS, WIDOWS,
CHILDREN, PARENTS.
Also, for Soldiers and Sailors disabled in the line of duty in the regular Army or Navy since the war. Survivors of the Indian wars of 1832 to 1842, and their widows, now entitled. Old and rejected claims a specialty. Thousands entitled to higher rates. Send for new laws. No charge for advice. No fee until successful.

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia,
Premier Artists IN HAIR.

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.
Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS. INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 20, '80. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA,
I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.
I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 8th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by
DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.
GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

BOOKKEEPING SIMPLIFIED, (WAGGENER'S.)
Mailed on receipt of price, $1.00. Send for Circular. C. R. DEACON, Publisher, 227 S. Fourth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE
GUNNELL'S MONTHLY, Toledo, Ohio.

BEATTY ORGANS $7 stops $22. PIANOS $150. Catalog from Dan'l F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

TO PLAY MUSIC
WITHOUT STUDY!
THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE
INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE
PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys.

It must be understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book.

By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, 2's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

RUPTURE

PERMANENTLY CURED OR NO PAY.
Call or write for Philadelphia Bank References.
We refer you to 2,500 patients.
No Operation. No Detention from Business.
Written guarantee to absolutely Cure all kinds of Rupture of either sex without use of knife or syringe, no matter of how long standing. Examination Free. Send for Circular.
THE O. E. MILLER CO.
Rooms 503 to 505 Mutual Life Bldg.
10th & Chestnut Sts., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PATENTS
FOR INVENTIONS.

Equal with the interest of those having claims against the government is that of INVENTORS, who often lose the benefit of valuable inventions because of the incompetency or inattention of the attorneys employed to obtain their patents. Too much care cannot be exercised in employing competent and reliable solicitors to procure patents, for the value of a patent depends greatly, if not entirely, upon the care and skill of the attorney.

With the view of protecting inventors from worthless or careless attorneys, and of seeing that inventions are well protected by valid patents, we have retained counsel expert in patent practice, and therefore are prepared to

Obtain Patents in the United States and all Foreign Countries, Conduct Interferences, Make Special Examinations, Prosecute Rejected Cases, Register Trade-Marks and Copyrights, Render Opinions as to Scope and Validity of Patents, Prosecute and Defend Infringement Suits, Etc., Etc.

If you have an invention on hand send a sketch or photograph thereof, together with a brief description of the important features, and you will be at once advised as to the best course to pursue. Models are seldom necessary. If others are infringing on your rights, or if you are charged with infringement by others, submit the matter to us for a reliable OPINION before acting on the matter.

THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,
618 F STREET, NORTHWEST, WASHINGTON, D. C.
P. O. BOX 483. JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney.
Cut this out and send it with your inquiry.

PUGET SOUND Is the Coming Great Country, and the Pacific Coast Terminus of the Great Northern Railway is inevitably its Greatest City. Finest location, best harbor, greatest resources and most substantial growth. Investments placed through us now are on a basis that insures a PROFIT OF FROM 100 TO 300 PER CENT in the next two years. Our Inside Water Front Property, close to the business center, at from $200 TO $350 per lot on EASY TERMS, Cannot be equalled as a SAFE AND RAPID MONEY-MAKING proposition. We also negotiate choice Mortgage Loans and Municipal Securities. We are willing to guarantee any investment placed by us for a share of the profits. Highest Eastern and Western Bank References. For Maps, Pamphlets, etc., address the FAIRHAVEN
WASHINGTON IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, Fairhaven, Washington.

Humorous.

WHAT HE WOULD DO.

"What would you do if the light went out—
Oh, what would you do?" said she.
"I'd grab you quick," said the lover bold,
"And hold you on my knee."

"But what would you do if my pa came in—
Oh, what would you do?" said she.
"Why, if the light went out," said her lover bold,
"Your papa couldn't see."

"But suppose my pa should strike a match,
Then what would you do?" said she.
"Well, in such a case as that," said he,
"I'd drop you quick and flee."

—U. S. NOKE.

Not Yet Ascertained.

First Fair One—"So Fred and Arthur both proposed to her. Which was the lucky one?"

The Other Fair One—"I don't know yet. Fred married her."

Cutting a swell—Lancing a boil.

Flags of all nations—Paving-stones.

What is everybody doing at the same time?—Growing old.

"This to my face!" as the young lady said to the powder puff.

Customer: "Is this meat dear?" Butcher: "Nein. Id vas sheep."

Why are seeds, when sown, like gate-posts?—Because they are planted in the earth to propagate.

In a country newspaper appears the following announcement: "A number of deaths unavoidably postponed."

A boy whose leg was repaired in New York by grafting some skin from a dog complains now that his shin barks easily.

"A man would be a heap better off of he was as particler 'bout the whisky he drinks as he is 'bout de water," remarks an observant old darkey.

"This chicken—," began the boarder, timidly. "That is a Plymouth Rock, sir!" said the frowning landlady. "Ah! Thank you, ma'am. I knew it was a rock of some kind."

Few men would attempt to try dampened gunpowder in a kitchen stove. A man in Canada did. His afflicted family would be glad of any information as to his whereabouts."

Upson Downes: "Do you know that Miss Dukkets is a victim of the missing word craze?" Bowne de Bout: "Is she?" "Yes; I asked her to marry me, but she couldn't think of the word 'yes.'"

Mamma: "I wonder what shall we call the baby?" Johnny: "I don't think we'd better call him any of the names papa called him last night when he was crying. He might not like it when he growed up."

Guest: "Say, waiter, are you positive that this is wild duck I am eating?" Waiter: "Oh, yes, sir; so wild, in fact, that we had to chase it round the back yard for 15 minutes before we could catch it."

"Which side of the street do you live on, Mrs. Kipple?" asked a counsel who was cross-examining a witness. "On either side, sir. If you go one way, it's on the right side; if you go the other way, it's on the left."

"You have had many severe trials, I dare say," said the tender-hearted housewife. "Yes'm," answered Rusty Rufus, spearing another cold potato with his fork, "but on account of my youth I've generally got off purty light."

She, to servant girl: "Here, Lina, take these postal cards and drop them in the nearest letter box." He: "What! you are going to send that girl three whole blocks for the sake of a few postal cards? That's not fair! Here, Lina, you may bring me a bottle of beer at the same time."

Bridegroom: "How in the world could you tell that we have only lately been married? I am sure we did not indulge in any silly manifestations of affection." Baldheaded fellow traveler: "No; but I noticed that each of you paid strict attention to what the other had to say."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

Some of our brightest fashion writers have asserted recently that some of the dresses are made 10 yards around. I had my doubts about that and went to work with a tapeline, and after 10 days in every first class house in this city I declare that the widest skirt was a trifle less than 5 yards around the bottom, and that it would be next to impossible to make them any larger. The majority of the dresses that are stiffened out are from 3½ to 4 yards around. They look much wider than they really are because of the stiffening which makes them fall in stiff waves rather than close, flat folds, as they did before; but it is safe to say that no one but the skirt dancers wear such exaggerated widths, and they have the thinnest of textures.

A photograph that has been taken of the queen of Greece within a month—and she is noted for her exquisite taste in dress, and she has all her gowns from Paris—shows a skirt close around the hips and mildly wide around the bottom. The dress is of soft gray wool, with two bias bands around the bottom of gray silk with magenta raised dots all over it. The sleeves are leg o' mutton, not very large and rather drooping.

I have noticed a great many pieces of woolen goods with raised dots in contrasting colors as well as darker shades of the same color. The dots are small and regularly placed. I think one, where the ground was a lovely shade of tan and the little tufts were of green silk, was as pretty a piece of goods as has come under my vision in many a day. The dots were so small and so close that at first glance from one position it looked all green, and then another view showed the underlying color. There is something delightful always in the unexpected, and that, I think, is why the changeable effects have taken such a strong hold on public fancy.

There are several beautiful new goods in just such effects, and the importer told me that he thought by winter they would be used to make vests for men. I am glad, for I think men have too sombre clothes anyhow. They are not so very beauteous by nature as to be able to do away with all ornament and all brightness of color.

PERLETTE POON AND BLUE FAILLE GOWNS.

Up to now—that is, for many generations—their brilliancy has been mainly derived from neckties, and even there they were greatly restricted to the most modest and unobtrusive colorings; but now they are to have speckled vests and loose and bright hued neckties, and handkerchiefs with bright red polka dots and checker boards, and in fact unlimited fancies in colored borders. But I advise the gentlemen to make their own purchases, for tasteful as women are in their own gowns and gear, just so ignorant they appear regarding the proper color or form of the things their dear little souls delight in purchasing for their "hubbies." A little secret I must confess in this regard, and that is that those surprising neckties and scandalous looking handkerchiefs are usually bought at bargain counters, and, like Sam Weller's crumpets of raised dough, they are "cheap and filling" but not wholesome gifts for the men. They spoil their temper.

Let me persuade my sisters to leave cravats and all that and look at the pretty gowns. One is of the new crepe perlette in ashes of roses, with pearly white raised dots. It is trimmed with five bias bands of silk velvet. Another charming spring gown is of pale gray-blue faille, with indigo sleeves and yoke. The silk is cut out in turrets and filled in with the darker faille. There are lace undersleeves—not frills, but undersleeves—falling below the turret points. Altogether an awfully pretty gown.

Still another is an outing gown of green camel's hair, with moss trimming in the same shade, and black Spanish lace on the cape and full loops of ribbon which encircle shoulders and fall in front in two loops.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF IMPORTANT MATTERS.

White of egg is used to brighten and revive the leather of chair seats.

In the household tea leaves will be found useful for cleaning varnished paints.

Brick floors may be cleaned by moistening with milk and water and wiping dry.

Steel engravings should be framed in dark and silver moulding or in shaded wood moulding with silver beading.

An excellent duster is made of cheese cloth. A dozen hemmed will keep the housekeeper supplied with most satisfactory means for fighting dust particles.

Place a lump of camphor inside the piano if you would ward off moths. Linseed oil and turpentine make a fine furniture polish. One part turpentine to three of oil.

A neat little woman, with more ingenuity than cash, devised a covering for some worn chairs which has been admired, and justly so, as it is exceedingly pretty. The frames, which had been a long time in her family, were of handsome carved ebony, and for this reason the ordinary way of resorting to cretonn enveloping furniture linen was not to be considered. A tour of the shops revealed the white cotton Bedford cord used for art embroidery, which, while artistic, is a cheap material. On a square of this fabric large enough to cover the seat of a chair she had stamped a bow knot trying a cluster of corn flowers. The bow knot she outlined in blue rope linen with touches of black, and the flowers she worked partly in outline and partly in solid embroidery in different shades of dull blue. When these covers were tacked securely and the edges covered with blue gimp they present a really elegant appearance.

Hanging lamps should be of metal. This will prevent any possibility of cracks which permit oil to drip upon the carpet. If you wish the best light, use only the best oil and keep your lamps, wicks as well as bowls, well cleaned. If a wick has been long in use and has grown dirty, it may be washed in hot suds to advantage, if it is well dried before it is again put back into the lamp.

The blue and white crepe cloth which makes such an effective background for curio displays in some of the Japanese store windows has been put to a new use by an inventive young woman. She bought enough for a fairly large bag, sewed up one side, hemmed the top and an inch below sewed on a piece of blue ribbon to make a casing. One of the skirt wires of former days she ran through the casing, thus keeping the top of the bag always open. The bottom she gathered into a point and finished by a blue and white ball. A blue ribbon was fastened to the top, and the bag was attached by this to the owner's writing table. It is her waste paper basket, and she finds it never in the way, never kicked over with its contents, and a very convenient place into which to throw her torn letters without courting vertigo by stooping under the table to find it.

A new teapot is made of brown earthen ware or of porcelain. Its novelty is the porcelain "drip" of perforated ware which fits inside the teapot below the cover. The tea is placed in this "drip" and the boiling water is poured over it. By this means the tea leaves are prevented from sinking to the bottom, and there is no possible danger of that deleterious element known as tannin being extracted from the tea. The Chinese have used a teapot of this kind for centuries.

In buying flour there are certain tests of quality. If it is white, with a slightly yellowish or straw colored tint, it is good. If it is blue white or has black specks, it is bad. If a little lump thrown against a dry perpendicular surface adheres, it is good. If it falls in powder, it is bad. If a portion squeezed in the hand retains the shape given by the pressure, it is good.

In washing lace cover a bottle with fine white flannel and tack the lace smoothly and evenly upon it, fastening down every little point. Squeeze the bottle in lukewarm water and suds until the lace is clean, and rinse in the same way in clear water. Put it in the sun to dry and dip it in starch. Then wrap cambric about it and put it again in the open air to dry. When quite dry untack the lace. It will need no ironing.

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal Used Exclusively, Insuring Cleanliness and Comfort.

In Effect April 10, 1893.

FOR NEW YORK.

ROYAL BLUE LINE.

Leave Twenty-fourth and Chestnut Sts.

3.55, 8.20, 9.20, 11.15 a m, 12.37 (dining car), 3.35, 6.25, 8.15 (dining car), p m. Sundays, 3.55, 9.00, 11.15 a m, 12.37 (dining car), 3.35, 6.25, 8.15 (dining car) p m.

LEAVE MARKET STREET STATION.

7.30 (Pioneer two-hour fast line), 8.30, 9.30 a m, 1.30, 4.00, 5.15 p m, 12.01 night. Sundays, 8.00, 10.00 a m, and 5.15 p m, 12.01 night. Additional train from Ninth and Green, week-days, 8.45 p m. And for Trenton, week-days, in addition to above, leave Ninth and Green Streets, 2.20, 3.15, 5.45, 6.25, 11.15 p m. Sundays, 8.15 a m, 5.30, 10.15 p m. Bound Brook, week-days, 4.31 p m.

Close connections for New York are made at Wayne Junction with trains from Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets by local trains leaving Market street at 11.02 a m, 12.27, 3.07, 5.07, 7.32 p m. Sundays, 10.47 a m, 12.42, 3.12, 6.07, 7.37 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.00, 7.45, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.15, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.02 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 5.30, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

For Schuylkill Valley Points.

4.10 a m for Reading, Barto, Harrisburg Pottsville, Allentown, Shamokin and Williamsport.

7.40 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley and Perkiomen Roads.

8.35 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Carlisle, Gettysburg, Shippensburg and Williamsport.

10 a m for Reading, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Lancaster, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Williamsport.

12.45 p m for Pottstown, Barto and Reading.

1.40 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley, Colebrookdale and Perkiomen Roads.

4 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.

5.30 p m for Reading and Pottsville.

8 p m for Harrisburg, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Milton.

7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

11.30 p m Daily Sleeping car line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport. Connects for Lock Haven and Clearfield, except train leaving Philadelphia Saturday night.

SUNDAYS—4 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Shamokin, Harrisburg.

8.30 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Allentown.

8.55 a m for Reading and Downingtown.

9.05 a m. Express for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.

5.30 p m for Reading, Pottsville and Chester Valley Railroad.

7.35 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

11.30 p m. Sleeping Car Line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport and Beech Creek Railroad.

LEAVE NINTH AND GREEN STS.

FOR BOSTON, via Poughkeepsie Bridge. New England Night Express (Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car) leaves Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets at 6.20 p m, and Ninth and Green streets at 6.45 p m every day.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER, NIAGARA FALLS and CHICAGO, 9.00 a m, 8.25 and 9.30 p m daily. The 9.00 a m train has parlor cars to Buffalo, and the 9.30 p m train sleeping cars to Buffalo Niagara Falls and Toronto.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 5.30, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 12.00 noon, 2.05, 3.55, 4.30, 5.30, 6.45, 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 10.30 p m. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 a m, 6.45 and 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 9.30 p m.

For Schuylkill Valley Points.

9.10 a m for Reading and way points.

11.02 a m for Pottstown and Barto.

1.35 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Branch Roads.

4.35 p m for Reading and Branch Roads.

Sundays—11.45 a m for Pottstown and Barto.

5.45 p m—for Pottsville, Harrisburg, Byers, Barto and Allentown.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves. Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.00, 11.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.00 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City, week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 5.15 a m, 4.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00 and 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.30 p m.

Parlor cars on all express trains.

Brigantine week days, 8.00 am, 3.00 p m. Returning, 7.35 a m, 3.25 p m.

Williamstown, Glassboro and Malicia Hill, 4.30, 11.00 a m, 4.30, 5.45 p m. Sundays, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Clementon, 6.00 8.00 8.30, 11.00 a m, 3.00, 4.30, 5.45, 6.30, 7.30, 11.30 p m. Sundays, 8 a m, 2.00, 4.30 p m. Blackwood and Grenloch, 6.30, 9.15, 11.30 a m, 2.30, 4.45, 5.30 p m, and 11.30 p m on Thursdays and Saturdays only. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00 a m, 4.45, 5.30 p m.

For Vineland, Bridgeton, points on Maurice River Railroad, 8.00 a m and 4.00 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, northeast corner Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 209 South Third street, and 10 South Fortieth street, West Philadelphia, and at the depots.

Reading Railroad Transfer and Cab Service. Passengers and baggage promptly conveyed.

Philadelphia Telephone, No. 1862.

I. A. SWEIGARD, General Manager. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger Agent.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

PURIFIES AS WELL AS Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 40 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canadas, and Europe. FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.

MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!!

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN while TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.